THE Comical Revenge; OR, LOVE IN A TUB.

Acted at His Highneſs the Duke of *YORK's* Theatre in *Lincolns-Inn-Fields*.

By Etherege.

LICENSED,

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THE

Comical Revenge:

OR,

LOVE

IN A

TUB.

To the Honourable

CHARLES Lord BUCKHURST.

My Lord,

Cou'd not have wiſh'd my ſelf more fortunate then I have been in the ſucceſs of this Poem: The Writing of it was a means to make me known to your Lordſhip; The Acting of it has loſt me no Reputation; And the Printing of it has now given me an opportunity to ſhew how much I honour you.

I here dedicate it, as I have long ſince dedicated my ſelf, to your Lordſhip: Let the humble Love of the Giver make you ſet ſome value upon the worthleſs Gift: I hope it may have ſome eſteem with others, becauſe

the Author knows how to esteem you, whose Knowledg moves admiration, and Goodness love, in all that know you. But I design this a Dedication, not a Panegerick; not to proclaim your Virtues to the World, but to shew your Lordship how firmly they have oblig'd me to be,

My Lord,

Your most humble and faithful Servant,

GEO. ETHEREGE.

Personæ Dramatis.

The Lord Bevill,	Father to *Lovis*, *Graciana*, & *Aurelia*.
The Lord Beaufort,	Servant to *Graciana*.
Colonel Bruce,	A Cavalier, Friend to *Lovis*, in love with *Graciana*.
Lovis,	Friend to *Bruce*.
Sir Frederick Frollick,	Cousin to the Lord *Beaufort*.
Graciana,	A young Lady, in love with the Lord *Beaufort*.
Aurelia,	Her Sister in love with Col. *Bruce*.
Mrs. Rich,	A wealthy Widow, Sister to the Lord *Bevill*, in love with Sir *Frederick*.
Letitia,	A Girl waiting upon *Aurelia*.
Betty,	Waiting-woman to the Widow.
Dufoy,	A saucy impertinent French-man, Servant to Sir *Frederick*.
Clark,	Servant to the Lord *Beaufort*.
Sir Nicholas Cully,	Knighted by *Oliver*.
Wheadle & Palmer,	Gamesters.
Mrs. Grace,	A Wench kept by *Wheadle*.
Jenny,	Her Maid.
Mrs. Lucy.	A Wench kept by Sir *Frederick*.

A Coach-man belonging to the Widow.
A Bell-man.
Foot-men, Link-boys, Drawers, and other Attendants.

PROLOGUE.

Who cou'd expect such crowding here to day,
Meerly on the report of a new Play?
A man wou'd think y'ave been so often bit
By us of late, you shou'd have learn'd more wit,
And first have sent a Forlorn-hope to spy
The Plot and Language of our Comedy,
Expecting till some desp'rate Critticks had
Resolv'd you whether it were good or bad:
But yet we hope you'l never grow so wise;
For if you shou'd, we and our Comedies
Must trip to Norwich, *or for* Ireland *go,*
And never fix, but, like a Puppit-show,
Remove from Town to Town, from Fair to Fair,
Seeking fit Chapmen to put off our Ware.
For such our Fortune is this barren Age,
That Faction now, not Wit, supports the Stage:
Wit has, like Painting, had her happy flights,
And in peculiar Ages reach'd her heights,
Though now declin'd; yet cou'd some able Pen
Match Fletcher's *Nature, or the Art of* Ben,
The Old and Graver sort wou'd scarce allow
Those Plays were good, because we writ them now.
Our Author therefore begs you wou'd forget,
Most Reverend Judges, the Records of Wit,
And only think upon the modern way
Of writing, whilst y'are Censuring his Play.
And Gallants, as for you, talk loud i'th' Pit,
Divert your selves and Friends with your own Wit;
Observe the Ladies, and neglect the Play;
Or else 'tis fear'd we are undone to day.

THE

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Comical Revenge;

OR,

Love in a Tub.

ACT. I. SCEN. I.

The Scene, an Ante-Chamber to Sir *Frederick Frollick's* Bed-Chamber.

Enter Dufoy, *with a Plaiſter on his head, walking diſcontentedly; and* Clark *immediately after him.*

Clark. Good-morrow, *Monſieur.*

Dufoy. Good-mor', ——good-mor'.

Clark. Is Sir *Fred'rick* ſtirring?

Duf. Pox ſturré himé.

Clark. My Lord has ſent me——

Duf. Begar me vil havé de revengé; me vil no Stay two day in *Englandé.*

Clark. Good *Monſieur*, what's the matter?

Dufoy. De matré! de matré is eaſie to be perceive; Dis Bedlamé, Mad-cape, diable de matré, vas Dtunké de laſt night; and vor no reaſon, but dat Me did adviſé him to go to Bed, begar he did

Strike

Striké, breaké my headé, Jernie.

Clark. Have patience, he did it unadvisedly.

Dufoy. Unadvisé ! didé not me advise him
Justé when he did ité ?

Clark. Yes ; but he was in drink you say.

Duf. In drinké ! me vishé he had been over de head
And de car in drinké ; Begar in *France* de
Drink dat van man drinké do'a not crack de
Noder mans brainé. Hark !——— [*Sir* Fred. *knocks.*
He is avake, and none of the people are
To attendé himé : Ian Villian day are all gone, run [*Knocks again.*
To de Diable ; have de patience, I beseech you.
[*Pointing towards his Masters Chamber.*

Clark. Acquaint Sir *Frederick* I am here from my Lord.

Duf. I vil, I vil ; your ver umble Serviteur. [*Exeunt.*

SCEN. II.

Scene, Sir *Frederick*'s Bed-Chamber.

Enter Sir Frederick *in his night-gown, and after him* Dufoy.

Duf. Good-mor', good-mor' to your Vorshippé ; me am alvay
Ready to atendé your Vorshippé, and your Vorshippé's
Alvay ready to beaté and to abusé mé ; you vare drunké
De lasté nighté, and my head aké to day morningé ;
Seé you here if my brainé have no ver good raison [*Shewing his head.*
To counsel you, and to mindé your bus'nessé.

Sir Fred. Thou hast a notable brain ;
Set me down a Crown for a
Plaister ; but forbear your rebukes.

Duf. 'Tis ver couragious ting to breaké de head of your
Serviteur, is it noté ? Begar you vil never keepé
De good Serviteur, had no me love you ver vel.———

Sir Fred. I know thou lov'st me.

Duf. And darefore you do beaté me, is dar de raison ?

Sir Fred. Prethee forbear ; I am sorry for't.

Duf. Ver good satisfaction ! Begar it is me dat am
Sorrié for't.

Sir Fred. Well, well.

Duf. De Serviteur of my Lord your Cousin ;
Be comé speak vid you.

Sir Fred. Bring him in. [*Exit* Dufoy.
I am of opinion that drunkenness is not so
Damnable a sin to me as 'tis to many ; Sorrow

And

And Repentance are ſure to be my firſt Work
The next morning: 'Slid, I have known ſome
So lucky at this recreation, that, whereas 'tis
Familiar to forget what we do in drink, have
Even loſt the memory, after ſleep, of being
Drunk: Now do I feel more qualms then
A young woman in breeding.

Enter Dufoy *and Clark.* [Dufoy *goes out again.*

Clark! What news from the god of Love? he's
Always at your Maſter's elbow, h'as joſtl'd the
Devil out of ſervice; no more!
Mrs. *Grace*! Poor Girl, Mrs. *Graciana* has flung a
Squib into his boſome, where the wild-fire will
Huzzé for a time, and then crack, it
Fly's out at's Breeches.

Clark. Sir, he ſent me before with his ſervice; he'l
Wait on you himſelf when he's dreſs'd.

Sir Fred. In very good time; there never was a girl
More humourſome, nor tedious in the dreſſing of
Her Baby. [*Ex. Clark.*

Enter Dufoy, *and Foot-boy.*

Dufoy. Hayé! heré is de ver vine varké
Begar, de ver vine varké!——

Sir Fred. What's the buſineſs?

Dufoy. De buſineſs! de divil také mé if dare be not
De whole Regiment Army de Hackené Cocheman,
De Linke-boy, de Fydler, and de Shamber maydé,
Dat havé beſeegé de howsé; dis is de conſequance
Of de drink vid a poxé.

Sir Fred. Well, the Coach-men and Link-boys muſt be
Satisfy'd, I ſuppoſe there's money due to 'em; the
Fidlers, for broken heads and inſtruments,
Muſt be compounded with; I leave that to your care:
But for the Chamber-maid, I'le deal with her
My ſelf; go, go, fetch her up.

Dufoy. De Pimpé, begar I vil be de pimpé to no man
In de Chriſtendomé; do you go fetch her up; [*Ex.* Dufoy.
De Pimpé——

Sir. Fred. Go Sirrah, direct her. [*To the Foot-boy.*] *Ex. Foot-boy.*
Now have I moſt unmanfully fallen foul upon ſome
Woman, I'le warrant you, and wounded her
Reputation ſhrewdly: Oh drink, drink! thou
Art a vile enemy to the civilleſt ſort of courteous
Ladies.——

Enter

Enter Jenny, Wheadle's *Wenches maid.*

Oh *Jenny*, next my heart nothing could
Be more welcome.

Maid. Unhand me;
Are you a man fit to be truſted with a womans
Reputation?

Sir Fred. Not when I am in a reeling condition; men are
Now and then ſubject to thoſe infirmities
In drink, which women have when th' are ſober.
Drunkenneſs is no good Secretary, *Jenny*; you
Muſt not look ſo angry, good faith you muſt not.

Maid. Angry! we always took you for a civil Gentleman.

Sir Fred. So I am i'troth I think.——

Maid. A civil Gentleman will
Come to a Ladies Lodging at two a clock in
The morning, and knock as if it were upon
Life and death; a Midwife was never knock'd up
With more fury.

Sir Fred. Well, well, Girl, all's well I hope, all's well.

Maid. You have made ſuch an Uproar amongſt
The Neighbours, we muſt be forc'd to change
Our Lodging.

Sir Fred. And thou art come to tell me whither——
Kind heart!

Maid. I'le ſee you a little better manner'd firſt.
Becauſe we would not let you in at that
Unſeaſonable hour, you and your rude
Ranting Companions hoop'd and hollow'd like
Mad-men, and roar'd out in the ſtreets,
A whore, a whore, a whore; you need not have
Knock'd good people out of their Beds, you
Might have met with them had been good
Enough for your purpoſe abroad.

Sir Fred. 'Twas ill done *Jenny*, indeed it was.

Maid. 'Twas a mercy Mr. *Wheadle* was not there, my Miſtreſſes
Friend; had he been there ſh'ad been quite undone.
There's nothing got by your leud doings: you are
But ſcandals to a civil Woman: We had ſo much
The good will of the Neighbours before, we had
Credit for what we wo'd; and but this morning the
Chandler refus'd to ſcore a quart of Scurvy-graſs.

Sir Fred. Hang Reputation amongſt a company of Raſcals;
Truſt me not if thou art not grown moſt wondrous pretty. [*Offers to kiſs her.*

Maid. Stand off, or I proteſt I'le make the people

In.

In your Lodging know what a manner of
Man you are.

Sir Fred. You and I have been intimate acquaintance; ——
Why ſo coy now, *Jenny*?

Maid. Pray forbear: ——

You'l never leave till I ſhriek out; —— Your [*Noiſe within*
Servants liſten, hark —— there's ſome body coming:
My Miſtreſs charg'd me to tell you ſhe will [*Enter* Beaufort.
Never ſee your eyes again; ſhe never deſerv'd
This at your hands, —— poor Gentlewoman! —— You had a
Fling at me too, you did not whiſper it, I thank
You: 'Tis a miſerable condition we
Women bring our ſelves to for your ſakes. [*Weeps.*

Beauf. How now Couſin! what, at wars with the Women?

Sir Fred. I gave a ſmall alarm to their Quarters
Laſt night, my Lord.

Beauf. *Jenny* in tears! what's the occaſion, poor Girl?

Maid. I'le tell you, my Lord.

Sir Fred. Buzze; Set not her tongue a going agen;
[*Clapping his hand before her mouth.*
Sh'as made more noiſe then half a dozen
Paper-mills: *London*-bridge at a low water is
Silence to her; in a word, rambling laſt
Night, we knock'd at her Miſtreſſes Lodging,
They deny'd us entrance, whereupon a harſh
Word or two flew out, *Whore* —— I think, or
Something to that purpoſe.

Maid. Theſe were not all your Heroick actions; [*Enter* Duſoy,
Pray tell the Conſequence, how you march'd
Bravely at the rere of an Army of
Link-boys; upon the ſudden, how you gave
Defiance, and then wag'd a bloody war with the
Conſtable; and having vanquiſh'd that
Dreadful enemy, how you committed a general
Maſſacre on the glaſs-windows: Are not theſe
Moſt honourable atchievements, ſuch as will be
Regiſtred to your eternal Fame, by the moſt
Learn'd Hiſtorians of *Hicks's-Hall*.

Sir Fred. Good ſweet *Jenny* let's come to a Treaty;
Do but hear what Articles I'le propoſe.

Maid. A Womans heart's too tender to be an enemy
To Peace. [*They whiſper.*

Duſoy. Your moſt humble Serviteur, my Lord.

Beauf. Monſieur, I perceive you are much to blame;

You arean excellent Governour indeed.

Dufoy. Begar do you tinké dat I am é de Bedlam é?
No tinsé but Bedlam é can governé him é.

Sir Fred. Jenny, here's my hand; I'le come and make
Amends for all——pretty Rogue.——

Dufoy. Ver pret Rogue é,
Vid a poxé.

Maid. What rude French Rascal have you here?

Dufoy. Rascalé! Begar ver it nod vor
De reverence of my Matré I vod cut off your occupation,
French Rascalé! Whore English——

Sir Fred. Dufoy, be gone, and leave us.

Dufoy. I vil, I vil leave you to your recreation; I
Vishé you ver good pastime, and de poxé,
Begar. [*Exit* Dufoy.

Maid. I never heard a ruder Fellow.——Sir *Fredrick*, you
Will not fail the time.

Sir Fred. No, no, *Jenny*.

Maid. Your Servant, my Lord.

Beauf. Farewel *Jenny*. [*Ex. Jenny.*

Sir Fred. Now did all this fury end in a mild
Invitation to the Ladies Lodging.

Beauf. I have known this wenches Mistriss
Ever since I came from Travel, but never
Was acquainted with that Fellow that
Keeps her; prethee what is he?

Sir Fred. Why his name is *Wheadle*; he's one whose trade is Trechery,
To make a Friend, and then deceive him;
He's of a ready Wit, pleasant Conversation,
Throughly skill'd in men; in a word, he
Knows so much of Virtue as makes him
Well accomplish'd for all manner of Vice:
He has lately insinuated himself into
Sir *Nich'las Culley*, one whom *Oliver*, for the
Transcendent knavery and disloyalty of
His Father, has dishonour'd with Knight-hood;
A fellow as poor in experience as in parts,
And one that has a vain-glorious humour to gain a
Reputation amongst the Gentry, by feigning good nature, and
An affection to the King and his Party.
I made a little debauch th'other day in their Company,
Where I fore-saw this fellow's destiny, his purse must pay
For keeping this Wench, and all other *Wheadle's* extravagances.
But pray, my Lord,

How

How thrive you in your more honourable
Adventures? Is harveſt near? When is the
Sickle to be put i'th' Corn?

Beauf. I have been hitherto ſo proſperous,
My happineſs has ſtill out-flown my faith:
Nothing remains but Ceremonial Charms,
Graciana's fix'd i'th' circle of my Arms.

Sir Fred. Then y'are a happy man for a ſeaſon.

Beauf. For ever.

Sir Fred. I miſtruſt your Miſtreſſes Divinity; you'l
Find her Attributes but Mortal:
Women, like Juglers Tricks,
Appear Miracles to the ignorant; but in them-
-Selves th' are meer cheats.

Beauf. Well, well, Couſin; I have engag'd that you this day
Shall be my Gueſt at my Lord *Bevill*'s Table;
Pray make me maſter of my promiſe once.

Sir Fred. Faith I have engag'd to dine with my dear
Lucy; poor Girl, I have lately given her
Occaſion to ſuſpect my kindneſs; yet for your
Sake I'le venture to break my Word,
Upon condition you'l excuſe
My errors; you know my
Converſation has not been amongſt ceremonious
Ladies.

Beauf. All modeſt freedom you will find allow'd;
Formality is baniſh'd thence.

Sir Fred. This Virtue is enough to make me bear
With all the inconveniences of honeſt Company.

Beauf. The freeneſs of your humour is your friend:
I have ſuch news to tell thee that I fear
Thou'lt find thy breaſt too narrow for thy joy.

Sir Fred. Gently, my Lord, leſt I find the thing too
Little for my expectation.

Beauf. Know that thy careleſs carriage has done more
Then all the skill and diligence of Love
Could e're effect.

Sir Fred. What? the Widow has ſome kind thoughts of my body?

Beauf. She loves you, and dines on purpoſe at her Brother's houſe
This day, in hopes of ſeeing you.

Sir Fred. Some Women like Fiſhes deſpiſe the
Bait, or elſe ſuſpect it, whil'ſt ſtill it's
Bobbing at their mouths; but ſubtilly way'd
By the Angler's hand, greedily hang themſelves upon the hook.

There are many so critically wise, they'l suffer
None to deceive them but themselves.
Beauf. Cousin, 'tis time you were preparing for your Mistress.
Sir Fred. Well, since 'tis my fortune, I'le about it.
Widow, thy ruine lie on thy own head:
Faith, my Lord, you can witness 'twas none
Of my seeking. [*Exeunt.*

SCEN. III.

Scene *Wheadle's* Lodging.

Enter Wheadle *and* Palmer.

Whe. Come, bear thy losses patiently.
Palm. A pox confound all Ordinaries,
If ever I Play in an Ordinary agen——. [*Bites his thumb.*
Whe. Thou'lt lose thy money:
Thou hast no power to forbear;
I will as soon undertake to reclaim
A Horse from a hitch he has learn'd in his pace,
Or an old Mastive from worrying of Sheep.
Palm. Ay, ay, there is nothing can do it but hemp.
Whead. Want of money may do much.
Palm. I protest I had rather still be vicious
Then owe my Virtue to Necessity.
How commendable is chastity in an Eunuch?
I am grown more then half virtuous of late:
I have laid the dangerous Pad now quite aside;
I walk within the Purlieus of the Law.
Could I but leave this Ordinary, this Square,
I were the most accomplish'd man in Town.
Whead. 'Tis pity thou art Master of thy Art;
Such a nimble hand, such neat conveyance.
Palm. Nay, I should have made an excellent Jugler, 'faith.
Whead. Come, be chearful,
I've lodg'd a Deer shall make amends for all;
I lack'd a man, to help me set my Toyls,
And thou art come most happily.
Palm. My dear *Wheadle*, who is it?
Whead. My new Friend
And Patron Sir *Nicholas Cully.*
Palm. He's far, and will say well, I promise you.
Well, I'le do his business most dextrously,
Else let me ever lose the honour

Of

Of serving a Friend in the like nature.

Whead. No more words, but haste, prepare for the design;
Habit your self like a good thrifty Country-man;
Get Tools, Dice, and Money for the purpose,
And meet me at the Devil about three exactly.

Enter Boy.

Boy. Sir, Sir *Nicholas Cully* is without.

Whead. Desire him to walk in:
Here *Palmer*, the back-way, quickly, and be sure——

Palm. Enough, enough, I'le warrant thee. [*Ex.* Palm.

Enter Sir Nicholas Cully.

Whead. Sir *Nicholas*, this Visit is too great a favour;
I intended one to you; how do you
Find your self this morning?

Cul. Faith much the dryer for the last nights wetting.

Whead. Like thirsty earth, which gapes the more
For a small showre; we'l soak you
Throughly to day.

Cul. Excuse me, faith I am engag'd.

Whead. I am sorry for't;
I meant you a share in my good fortune;
But since it cannot be——

Cul. What? what good fortune?

Whead. Nay 'twill but vex you to know it,
Since you have not leasure to pursue it.

Cul. Dear *Wheadle*, prethee tell me.

Whead. Now do I want power to keep it from you,
Just as you came in at that door, went
Out at this a Waiting-Gentlewoman,
Sent with a civil Message from her Lady,
To desire the happiness of my Company
This afternoon, where I should have the
Opportunity of seeing another lovely brisk
Woman, newly married to a foolish
Citizen, who will be apt enough to hear
Reason from one that can speak it better then
Her Husband: I return'd my humble
Thanks for the honour she did me, and that
I could not do my self so great an injury
To disobey her will; this is
Th' adventure; But since y'ave bus'ness——

Cul. A pox on bus'ness, I'le defer't.

Whead. By no means for a silly Woman; our Pleasures
Must be slaves to our Affairs.

Cul. Were it to take poſſeſſion of an
Eſtate, I'd neglect it.
Are the Ladies Cavaliers?

Whea. Oh, moſt Loyal-hearted Ladies!

Cul. How merry will we be then!

Whea. I ſay mind your buſ'neſs.

Cul. I'le go and put it off immediately.
Where ſhall I meet you in the afternoon?

Whea. You'l find me at the Devil about three
A clock, where I expect a ſecond ſummons as
She paſſes toward the City.

Cul. Thither will I come without fail; be ſure
You wait for me. [*Exit* Cully.

Whea. Wait for thee, as a Cat does for a Mouſe
She intends to play with, and then prey upon.
How eagerly did this half-witted fellow chap
Up the bait? like a ravenous Fiſh, that will
Not give the Angler leave to ſink his Line,
But greedily darts up and meets it half way. [*Ex. laughing.*

SCEN. IV.

Scene, The Lord *Bevill's* Houſe.

Enter Graciana, *and* Aurelia *immediately after her, with a Letter in her hand.*

Grac. The Sun's grown lazie; 'tis a tedious ſpace
Since he ſet forth, and yet's not half his race.
I wonder *Beaufort* does not yet appear;
Love never loyters, Love ſure brings him here.

Aur. Brought on the wings of Love, here I preſent [*Preſenting the Letter.*
His Soul, whoſe Body Priſons yet prevent;
The noble *Bruce*, whoſe Virtues are his Crimes. [Grac. *rejects the Letter.*
Are you as falſe and cruel as the times!
Will you not read the ſtories of his grief;
But wilfully refuſe to give relief?

Grac. Siſter, from you this language makes me ſtart:
Can you ſuſpect ſuch vices in my heart?
His Virtues I, as well as you, admire;
I never ſcorn'd, but pity much his fire.

Aur. If you did pity, you would not reject [Grac. *rejects the Letter again.*
This Meſſenger of Love: This is neglect.

Gra. 'Tis cruelty to gaze on wounds I'm ſure,
When we want Balſome to effect their Cure.

Aur.

Aur. 'Tis only want of will in you, you have
Beauty to kill, and Virtue too to save.
Grac. We of our ſelves can neither love nor hate;
Heav'n does reſerve the pow'r to guide our Fate.
Aurel. Graciana,—— [*Enter Lord* Bevill, Lovis, *and the Widow.*
Grac. Siſter, forbear; my Father's here.
L. *Bev.* So Girl; what no news of your Lover yet?——
Our Dinner's ready, and I am afraid
He will go nigh to incur the Cooks anger.
Wid. I believe ha's undertook a hard task;
Sir *Frederick*, they ſay, is no eaſie man
To be perſwaded to come among us women.
Lovis. Sir. [Lovis *and Lord* Bevill *whiſper.*
L. *Bev.* What now?
Wid. I am as impatient as thou art, Girl; [*To* Graciana.
I long to ſee Sir *Frederick* here.
L. *Bev.* Forbear, I charge you on my bleſſing;
Not one word more of Colonel *Bruce.*
Lovis. You gave encouragement Sir to his Love;
The honour of our Houſe now lies at ſtake.
L. *Bev.* You find by your Siſters inclinations
Heaven has decreed her otherwiſe.
Lovis. But Sir,——
L. *Bev.* Forbear to ſpeak, or elſe forbear the Room.
Lovis. This I can obey, but not the other. [*Exit* Lovis
Enter Foot-boy.
Foot-b. Sir, my Lord *Beaufort's* come.
L. *Bev.* 'Tis well.
Wid. D'hear, are there not two Gentlemen?
Foot-b. Yes Madam, there is another proper handſom
Gentleman. [*Exit Foot-boy.*
L. *Bev.* Come, let us walk in, and give them entertainment.
Wid. Now Couſin, for Sir *Frederick*, this man of men,
There's nothing like him. [*Exeunt all but* Aurelia.
Aur. With curious diligence I ſtill have ſtrove [*Holding the Letter in her hand.*
During your abſence, *Bruce*, to breathe your Love
Into my Siſters boſom; But the fire
Wants force; Fate does againſt my breath conſpire:
I have obey'd, though I cannot fulfil,
Againſt my ſelf, the dictates of your Will;
My Love to yours do's yield; Since you enjoyn'd,
I hourly court my Rival to be kind;
With paſſion too, as great as you can do,
Taught by thoſe wounds I have receiv'd from you.

Small is the difference that's between our griefs;
Yours finds no cure, and mine seeks no relief:
You unsuccessfully your Love reveal;
And I for ever must my Love conceal:
Within my bosome I'le your Letter wear, [*Putting the Letter in her bosom.*
It is a Tomb that's proper for despair. [*Exit.*

ACT. II. SCEN. I.

Scene, The Lord *Bevill's* House.

Enter Clark *and* Dusoy.

Clark. METhinks the wound your Master gave you
Last night, makes you look very thin and
Wan, Monsieur.

Dusoy. Begar you are mistaké, it be de voundé
Dat my Metresse did give me long ago.

Clark. What? some pretty little English Lady's
Crept into your heart?

Dusoy. No but damn'd littel English Whore is creepé
Into my bone begar, me could vish dat de
Diable vould také her vid allé my hartè.

Clark. You have manig'd your business ill, Mounsieur.

Dusoy. It vas de Raskal Cyrugin English dat did
Manage de businesse illé; me did putté my
Businessé into his haundé; he did stop de
Tapé, and de liquor did varké, varké, varké,
Up into de headé and de shoulder begar.

Clark. Like soap clap'd under a Saddle.

Dusoy. Here come my Mastré; hold é your peacé. [*Ex. Clark.*

Enter Sir Frederick, *Widow, and Maid.*

Sir. Fred. Whither, whither do ye draw me, Widow;
What's your design?

Wid. To walk a turn in the Garden, and then
Repose in a cool Arbour.

Sir Fred. Widow, I dare not venture my self in those amorous
Shades; you have a mind to be talking of Love.
I perceive, and my heart's too tender to be trusted
With such conversation.

Wid. I did not imagine you were so foolishly
Conceited; is it your Wit or your Person, Sir,
That is so taking?

Sir

Sir Fred. Truly you are much mistaken, I have no
Such great thoughts of the young man you
See; who ever knew a Woman have so much
Reason to build her Love upon merit?
Have we not daily experience of great
Fortunes, that fling themselves into the arms
Of vain idle Fellows? Can you blame me then
For standing upon my guard? No, let us
Sit down here, have each on's a Bottle of Wine
At our elbows; so prompted, I dare enter into
Discourse with you.

Wid. Wou'd you have me sit
And drink hand to fist with you, as if we were
In the *Fleece*, or some other of your beloved
Taverns?

Sir Fred. Faith I would have thee come as near
As possible to somthing or other I have
Been us'd to converse with, that I may
The better know how to entertain thee:

Wid. Pray which of those Ladies you use to
Converse with, could you fancy me to
Look like? be merry, and tell me.

Sir Fred. 'Twere too great a sin to compare thee
To any of them; and yet th'ast so incens'd
Me, I can hardly forbear to wish thee one
Of'em. Ho, *Dufoy*!
Widow, I stand in awe of this Gentleman;
I must have his advice before I dare
Keep you company any further.——How do
You approve the spending of my time
With this Lady?

Dufoy. Ver vel, Begar;
I could wish I had never spendé my time in de
Vorsé compaignie:

Wid. You look but ill, Monsieur; have
You been sick lately?

Dufoy. I havé de ver great affliction in my mindé,
Madam.

Wid. What is't?

Dufoy. Truly I havé de ver great passion vor dis
Jentel-woman, and she have no compassion
At all vor me; she do refusé me all my
Amouré and my adressé.

Wid. Indeed *Betty* you are to blame:

Maid. Out upon him for a French dissembler,
He never spake to me in his life, Madam.

Dufoy. You see, Madam, she scorné me vor
Her Serviteur.

Maid. Pray, when did you make any of your French
Love to mé?

Dufoy. It vil breké my hearté to remember de
Time ven you did refusé mé.

Wid. Will you permit me to serve you in this
Business, Monsieur?

Dufoy. Madam, it be d' honour vor de King dé
France.

Wid. Betty, whither run you?

Maid. I'le not stay to be jeer'd by a sneaking
Valet-De-chambré: I'le be reveng'd
If I live, Monsieur. [*Ex.* Betty.

Wid. I'le take some other time.

Dufoy. Van you have de leisuré, Madam.

Sir Fred. By those lips,——

Wid. Nay pray forbear, Sir.

Sir Fred. Who's conceited now, Widow? cou'd
You imagine I was so fond to kiss them?

Wid. You cannot blame me for standing on
My guard so near an Enemy.

Sir Fred. If you are so good at that, Widow,
Let's see, what guard wou'd you chuse to be at
Shou'd the Trumpet sound a Charge
To this dreadful foe?

Wid. It is an idle Question amongst experienc'd
Souldiers; but if we ever have a War,
We'l never trouble the Trumpet; the
Bells shall proclaim our Quarrel.

Sir Fred. It will be most proper; they shall be
Rung backwards.

Wid. Why so, Sir?

Sir Fred. I'le have all the helps that may be to
Allay a dangerous fire; Widows must
Needs have furious flames; the bellows
Have been at work, and blown 'em up.

Wid. You grow too rude, Sir: I will have my
Humour, a walk i'th' Garden; and afterwards
We'l take the Air in the Park.

Sir Fred. Let us joyn hands then, Widow.

Wid. Without the dangerous help of a Parson

I do not fear it, Sir. [*Ex. Sir* Fred. *and Wid.*

Dufoy. Begar, I do no care two Soulz if de Shamber-maid ver hangé; be it not Great deal better pretendé d' affection to Her, dan to tellé de hole Varldé I do take De Medicine vor de clapé? begar it Be de ver great deale better. [*Ex.* Dufoy.

SCENE II.

Scene, A Garden belonging to my Lord *Bevill*'s Houſe.

Enter Beaufort *and* Graciana.

Beauf. Graciana, why do you condemn your Love?
Your Beauty without that, alas! would prove
But my deſtruction, an unlucky Star,
Prognoſticating ruine and deſpair.

Grac. Sir, you miſtake; 'tis not my Love I blame,
But my Diſcretion; * Here the active flame [* *Pointing to her breaſt.*
Shou'd yet a longer time have been conceal'd.
Too ſoon, too ſoon I fear it was reveal'd.
Our weaker Sex glories in a Surprize,
We boaſt the ſudden Conqueſts of our Eyes;
But men eſteem a Foe that dares contend,
One that with noble Courage does defend
A wounded Heart; the Victories they gain
They prize by their own hazard and their pain.

Beauf. Graciana, can you think we take delight
To have our happineſs againſt us fight;
Or that ſuch goodneſs ſhou'd us men diſpleaſe
As do's afford us Heav'n with greater eaſe?

[*Enter* Lovis, *walking diſcontentedly.*

See where your Brother comes; his
Cart'age has been ſtrange of late to me;
I never gave him cauſe of diſcontent;
He takes no notice of our being here:
I will ſalute him.

Grac. By no means;
Some ſerious thoughts you ſee employ his mind.

Beauf. I muſt be civil. Your Servant, Sir.

Lov. You are my Siſters Servant, Sir; go fawn
Upon your Miſtreſs; Fare-you-well. [*Ex.* Lovis.

Beauf. Fare-you-well, if you are no better Company.
Heavens!

Heavens! what is the matter? [*Grac. weeps.*
What saucy sorrow dares approach your heart?
Waste not these precious Tears; Oh, weep no more,
Shou'd Heaven frown, the world wou'd be too poor,
(Rob'd of the sacred Treasure of your eyes)
To pay for mercy one fit Sacrifice.
Grac. My Brother, Sir, is growing mad, I fear.
Beauf. Your Brother is a man whose noble Mind
Was to severest Vertue still inclin'd;
He in the School of Honour has been bred,
And all her subtle Laws with heed has read:
There is some hidden cause, I fain would know
From whence these strange disorders in him flow.
Graciana, shall I beg you to dispel
These Mists which round my troubl'd Reason dwell.
Grac. It is a Story I cou'd wish you'd learn
From one whom it does not so much concern;
I am th' unhappy cause of what y'ave seen;
My Brother's passion does proceed from mine.
Beauf. This does confound me more; it cannot be;
You are the joy of all your family:
Dares he condemn you for a noble love,
Which honour and your duty both approve.
Grac. My Lord, those errors merit our excuse
Which an access of vertue does produce.
Beauf. I know that envy is too base a guest
To have a lodging in his gen'rous breast;
'Tis some extream of Honour, or of Love,
Or both, that thus his indignation move.
Grac. Er'e I begin, you my sad story end;
You are a Rival to his dearest Friend.
Beauf. *Graciana*, though you have so great a share
Of Beauty, all that see you Rivals are;
Yet during this small space I did proclaim,
To you, and to the world, my purer flame,
I never saw the man that durst draw near,
With his ambitious Love t'assault your Ear.
What providence has kept us thus asunder?
Grac. When I have spoke you'l find it is no wonder.
He has a Mistress more renown'd then me,
Whom he does Court, his dearer Loyalty;
He on his legs does now her favours wear;
He is confin'd by her foul Ravisher:
You may not know his Person; but his Name

Is ſtrange to none that have converſ'd with Fame.
'Tis *Bruce*.

Beauf. The Man indeed I ne're did ſee,
But have heard wonders of his Gallantry.

Grac. This gallant Man my Brother ever lov'd;
But his Heroick Virtues ſo improv'd
In time thoſe ſeeds of Love which firſt were ſown,
That to the higheſt Friendſhip they are grown.
This Friendſhip firſt, and not his Love to me,
Sought an Alliance with our Family.
My Siſter and my ſelf were newly come
From learning how to live, to live at home;
When barren of diſcourſe one day, and free
With's Friend, my Brother chanc'd to talk of me;
Unlucky accident! his Friend reply'd,
He long had wiſh'd their Blood might be ally'd;
Then preſs'd him that they might my Father move
To give an approbation to his Love:
His Perſon and his Merits were ſo great,
He granted faſter then they could entreat;
He wiſh'd the Fates that govern hearts wou'd be
So kind to him to make our hearts agree,
But told them he had made a ſacred Vow,
Never to force what Love ſhould diſallow.

[*Enter Sir* Frederick *and Widow.*

But ſee, Sir *Frederick* and my Aunt.
My Lord, ſome other time I will relate
The ſtory of his Love, and of its Fate.

Sir Fred. How now my Lord? ſo grave a countenance
In the preſence of your Miſtreſs?
Widow, what wou'd you give
Your eyes had power to make me ſuch
Another melancholly Gentleman?

Wid. I have ſeen e're as merry a man as
Your ſelf, Sir *Frederick*, brought to ſtand
With folded arms, and with a triſtful look
Tell a mournful tale to a Lady.

[*Enter a Foot-boy, and whiſpers Sir* Frederick.

Sir Fred. The Devil owes ſome men a ſhame;
The Coach is ready; Widow, I know
You are ambitious to be ſeen in my Company.

Wid. My Lord, and Couſin, will you honour
Me with yours to the Park; that may take off the
Scandal of his?

Enter

Enter Aurelia *and* Leticia.

Beauf. Madam, we'l wait upon you;
But we must not leave this Lady behind us.
Wid. Cousin *Aurelia*——
Aurel. Madam, I beg you will excuse me, and
You, my Lord; I feel a little indisposition,
And dare not venture into so sharp an
Air.
Beauf. Your Servant, Madam. [*Exeunt all but* Aurelia *and* Leticia.
Aurel. Retire; I wou'd not have you stay with me,
I have too great a train of misery.
If virtuous Love in none be cause of shame,
Why shou'd it be a crime to own the flame?
But we by Custom, not by Nature led,
Must in the beaten paths of Honour tread.
I love thee *Bruce*; but Heav'n, what have I done!
Leticia, did I not command you hence?
Letic. Madam, I hope my care is no offence:
I am afflicted thus to see you take
Delight to keep your miseries awake.
Aurel. Since you have heard me, swear you will be true;
Leticia, none must know I love but you.
Letic. If I at any time your Love declare,
May I of Heav'n and serving you despair.
Though I am young, yet I have felt this smart;
Love once was busie with my tender heart.
Aurel. Wert thou in love?
Letic. I was.
Aurel. Prethee, with whom?
Letic. With one that like my self did newly bloom:
Methoughts his Actions were above his years. [*She weeps.*
Aurel. Leticia, you confirm me by your tears;
Now I believe you lov'd; did he love you?
Letic. That had been more then to my Love was due;
He was so much above my humble Birth,
My Passion had been fitter for his mirth.
Aurel. And does your Love continue still the same?
Letic. Some sparks remain, but time has quencht the flame;
I hope 'twill prove as kind to you, and cure
These greater griefs which (Madam, you endure.
Aurel. Time to my bleeding heart brings no relief;
Death there must heal the fatal wounds of grief:
Leticia, come, within this shady Bower
We'l joyn our mournful voices, and repeat
The saddest tales we ever learn'd of Love.

Aurelia

Aurelia *and* Leticia *walk into an Arbour, and sing this Song in Parts.*

SONG.

When Phillis *watch'd her harmless Sheep*
Not one poor Lamb was made a prey;
Yet she had cause enough to weep,
Her silly heart did go astray:
Then flying to the neighbouring Grove,
She left the tender flock to rove,
And to the Winds did breathe her Love.
She sought in vain
To ease her pain;
The heedless winds did fan her fire;
Venting her grief
Gave no relief;
But rather did encrease desire.
Then sitting with her arms across,
Her sorrows streaming from each eye;
She fix'd her thoughts upon her loss,
And in despair resolv'd to die.

Aurel. Why shou'd you weep, *Leticia*, whilst we sing? [*Walking out of the Arbour.*
Tell me from whence those gentle Currents spring.
Can yet your faded Love cause such fresh showers?
This water is too good for dying flowers.

Letic. Madam, it is such Love commands this dew
As cannot fade; it is my Love to you.

Aurel. Leticia, I am weary of this place;
And yet I know not whither I should go.

Letic. Will you be pleas'd to try if you can sleep?
That may deceive you of your cares a while.

Aurel. I will: there's nothing here does give me ease,
But in the end will nourish my disease. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Scene, A Tavern.

Enter Wheadle, *and immediately after him a Foot-boy.*

Whead. The hour is come;
Where's your Master, Sirrah?

Foot-b. He'l be here immediately, Sir.

Whead. Is he neatly dreſs'd?

Boy. In the very ſuit he won th'other day
Of the *Buckingham*-ſhire Grafier.

Whead. Take this Letter, and give it me
When you perceive me talking with
Sir *Nicholas Cully*, with recommendations from
A Lady; lurk in ſome ſecret place till he's
Come, that he may not perceive you at his
Entrance. Oh, here's *Palmer*. [*Exit Foot-boy.*

Thom, what's the price of a ſcore of fat [*Enter* Palmer.
Weathers?

Palm. Do they not well become me, boy?

Whead. Nature doubtleſs intended thee for a Rogue,
She has ſo well contriv'd thee for
Diſguiſes. Here comes Sir *Nicholas*. [*Enter Sir* Nicholas.
Sir *Nicholas*, come, come; This is an honeſt Friend
And Country man of mine.

Sir Nich. Your ſervant, Sir; is not the Lady come by yet?

Whead. I expect her every moment,——Ho, here's her Boy.
Well what news? *Enter Boy.*

Boy. My Lady preſents her ſervice to you, Sir, and has
Sent you this, [*Delivers a Letter.*

[Wheadle *reads, and ſeems much diſpleas'd.*

Sir Nich. What is the matter, man?

Whead. Read, read; I want patience to tell you. [*Gives* Cul. *the Letter.*
Fortune ſtill jades me in all my expectations.

Sir Nich. reading the Letter. The Citizens wife forc'd
To go to *Greenwich* with her husband;
Will meet ſome time next week.
Come, come, *Wheadle*, another time will do;
Be not ſo paſſionate, man.

Whead. I muſt abuſe my Friend upon an idle
Womans words!

Sir Nich. Piſh, 'tis an accident: Come, let us
Drink a glaſs of Wine, to put theſe Women
Out of our heads.

Palm. Women? ho Boys, Women, where are the Women?

Whead. Here's your merry Country-man.

Palmer *ſings.*

He took her by the Apron,
To bring her to his beck;
But as he wound her to him
The Apron ſtrings did break.

Enter

Enter Drawer with wine.

Sir Nich. A merry man indeed. Sir, my ſervice to you! [*Drinks to Palm.*

Palm. Thank you, Sir. Come Mr. *Wheadle*, remembring
My Land-lord, i'faith; wou'd he were e'en among us now.
Come be merry man. *Lend me your hand, Sir; you [**To Sir Nich.*
Look like an honeſt man; here's a good health
To all that are ſo: Tope——here pledg me. [*Drinks.*

[*Gives Sir* Nicholas *the Glaſs.*

Sir Nich. Mr. *Wheadle*, to you. [*Drinks, and leaves ſome in the Glaſs.*

Palm. I'le not abate you an ace. 'Slid, y'are not
So honeſt as I took you for. [*Sir* Nicholas *drinks up the reſt.*

Palmer *Sings.*

If any man baulk his Liquor
Let him never baulk the Gallows;
But ſing a Pſalm there with' Vicar,
Or die in a dirty Ale-houſe.

Enter Drawer.

Drawer. There's a Country-man below deſires to
Speak with his Maſter *Palmer*.

Palm. So, ſo, thank thee Lad; it is my man, I
Appointed him to call here; h'as ſold the Cattle
I'le warrant you: I'le wait upon you agen
Preſently, Gentlemen. [*Ex.* Palmer.

Whead. Is not this a very pleaſant fellow?

Sir Nich. The pleaſant'ſt I ever met with; What is he?

Whead. He's a *Buckingham*-ſhire Grafier, very
Rich; he has the fat Oxen, and fat Acres in the Vale:
I met him here by chance, and cou'd not avoid
Drinking a glaſs o' Wine with him. I believe he's
Gone down to receive money;
'Twere an excellent deſign to buble him.

Sir Nich. How 'twou'd change his merry note; will you
Try him?

Whead. Do you;
I cannot appear in't, becauſe he takes me for his Friend.

Sir Nich. How neatly I cou'd Top upon him!

Whead. All things will paſs upon him; I'le go
Your half: Talk of Dice, you'l
Perceive if he's coming. What money have you
About you?

Sir Nich. Ten pieces.

Whead. I have about that quantity too, here, take it;
If he should run us out of our ready money
Be sure you set him deep upon Tick,
If he'l be at you, that we may recover it;
For we'l not pay a farthing of what we lose
That way. Hush, here he comes.

Enter Palmer *with a bag of money under his arm, and flings it upon the Table.*

Palm. All my fat Oxen and Sheep are melted
To this, Gentlemen.

Whead. Their grease is well try'd, Sir.

Sir Nich. Come, Sir, for all your riches, you are in
Arrear here. [*Offers him a Glass.*

Palm. I'le be soon out of your debts: My hearty
Love to you, Sir. [*Drinks.*] Wou'd
I had you both in *Buckingham*-shire, and a
Pipe of this Canary in my Cellar; we'd
Roast an Ox before we parted; shou'd we
Not, Boy?

Palmer *Sings.*

We'd sing, and we'd laugh, and we'd drink all the day;
Our Reason we'd banish, our Senses shou'd sway;
And every Pleasure our Wills shou'd obey.

Palm. Come, drink to me a brimmer if you
Dare now.

Sir Nich. Nay, if you provoke me you'd find me a
Bold man: Give me a bigger glass, Boy:
So, this is fit for men of Worship: Hang your
Retail Drinkers; have at thee, my brave Country-man. [*Drinks.*

Palm. I'le do all I can for my guts to Pledg thee.
Ho, brave boys! that's he, that's he, i'faith; how
I cou'd hug thee now! Mr. *Wheadle*, to you.

Whead. I protest, Gentlemen, you'l fright me out
Of your Company. Sir *Nicholas*, shall we have
Th' other round?

Sir Nich. Let's pause a while: What say
You, Gentlemen, if, to pass away the time,
And to refresh us, we should have a box and Dice,
And fling a merry Mayn among our selves in sport?

Whead. 'Twill spoil good Company; by no means, Sir *Nicholas.*

Palm. Hang play among Friends; let's have a Wench.

Sings.

Sings.

And, Jenny was all my Joy,
She had my Heart at her will;
But I left her and her toy
When once I had got my fill.

What say you, shall we have her?

Sir Nich. We are not drunk enough for a Wench.

Palm. Let's sing a Catch then.

Whead. Cull. Agreed, agreed.

Whead. Begin, Mr. *Palmer.*

Palmer *sings, standing in the middle, with a Glass of Wine in his hand.*

Palm. *I have no design here,*
But drinking good Wine here.
Whea. *Nor I, Boy.*
Sir Nic. *Nor I, Boy.*
Whea. *Th' art my Boy.*
Sir Nic. *Th' art my Boy.*
All 3. *Our heads are too airy for Plots:*
Let us hug then all three,
Since our Virtues agree,
We'll hollow and cast up our Hats.

[*They hollow whilst* Palmer *drinks, and then change till it has gone round.*

Sir Nich. Enough, enough.

Palm. Very good boys all, very good boys all. Give Me a glass of Wine there; fill a Brimmer: Sir *Nicholas*, your Lady.

Sir Nich. Pray, Sir, forbear; I must be forc'd to leave Your Company else.

Prethee, *Wheadle*, let's have a Box and Dice.

Whead. We shall grow dull. Mr. *Palmer*, what say You to the bus'ness?

Palm. I do not understand Dice: I understand good Pasture and drink——Hang the Devil's bones.

[Wheadle *whispers* Cully *to send for Dice.* Cully *whispers the Drawer.*

Palmer *Sings.*

He that leaves his Wine for Boxes and Dice,
Or his Wench for fear of mishaps,
May he beg all his days, cracking of Lice,
And die in conclusion of Claps.

Enter.

Enter Drawer with Dice.

Palm. Come, come, Gentlemen, this is the harmleſſeſt Sport of the two; a merry glaſs round.

Sir Nich. Excuſe me, Sir; I'le pledg you here. [*Takes Dice.*

Come, come, Sir, on Six; Six is the Main.

Palm. The Main? what's the Main?

Sir Nich. Do not you underſtand Hazard?

Palm. I underſtand Dice, or hap-Hazard:

Sir Nich. Can you play at Paſſage?

Palm. You paſs my underſtanding: I can fling Moſt at a throw, for a Shot, or a glaſs of Wine.

Sir Nich. Paſſage is eaſily learn'd: The Caſter wins If he fling above ten with Doublets upon Three Dice.

Palm. How Doublets?

Sir Nich. Two of a ſort; two Cinques, two Tre's, or the like.

Palm. Ho, ho; I have you.

Sir Nich. Come, ſet them.

Palm. I ſet you this Bottle.

Sir Nich. Nay, nay, ſet money.

Palm. Is it a fair play Mr. *Wheadle*? I truſt to you.

Whead. Upon my word a very fair ſquare play; but This table is ſo wet, there's no playing upon it.

Drawer. Will you be pleas'd to remove into the next Room, Gentlemen?

Sir Nich. I think 'twill not be amiſs.

Whead. Much better. Come Mr. *Palmer.*

Palm. I'le follow, Sir.

Palmer *ſings.*

If ſhe be not as kind as fair,
But peeviſh and unhandy,
Leave her, ſhe's only worth the care
Of ſome ſpruce Jack-a-dandy.
I won'd not have thee ſuch an Aſſe,
Had'ſt thou ne're ſo much leiſure,
To ſigh and whine for ſuch a Laſs
Whoſe Pride's above her Pleaſure.

Sir Nich. Ho brave Boy.

Palm! March on, march on.

Sings.

Sings.

Make much of ev'ry buxome Girl,
Which needs but little Courting;
Her value is above the pearl,
That takes delight in sporting. Exeunt Omnes.

ACT. III. SCEN. I.

Scene, A Tavern:

Enter Sir Nicholas Cully, Wheadle, Palmer, *and Drawer.*

Palm. NAy, Sir *Nich'las*, for all your haste, I must
Have a Note under your hand for the thousand
Pounds you owe me.

Whead. This must not be among Friends, Mr. *Palmer*;
Sir *Nich'las* shall not pay the money.

Sir Nich. I had been a Mad-man to play at such a rate
If I had ever intended to pay.

Palm. Though I am but a poor Country-man, I scorn
To be chous'd: I have Friends in Town.

Whead. But hark you Mr. *Palmer*.

Palm. Hark me no barks; I'le have my money.

Sir Nich. Drawer, take your Reck'ning.

Whead. laughing. Farewel, Sir; haste into the Country to
Mind your Cattle.

Palm. But hark you, Gentlemen; are you in earnest?

Whead. Ay indeed; fare you well, Sir.

Palm. I took you for my Friend, Mr. *Wheadle*;
But now I perceive what you are.
*Your ear, Sir. [*To* Cully.

Whea. Never fear him; he dares not go into the
Field, without it be among his sheep.

Cul. Agreed; to morrow, about eight in the morning,
Near *Pancridge*.

Whead. I will have the honour to serve you, Sir *Nich'las*.
Provide your self a Second, Mr. *Palmer*.

[*Exeunt Sir* Nich. *and* Wheadle *laughing*.

Palm. So, laugh:
This is the Sheep that I must fleece. [*Exit.*

SCEN.

SCEN. II.

Scene, *Covent-Garden.*

Enter Sir Frederick Frollick, *with Fidlers before him, and six or eight Link-boys, dancing and singing.*

Sir Fred. Here, here, this is the window; range your Selves here.

Enter the Bell-man.

Bell-m. Good-morrow, Gentlemen.

Sir Fred. Honeſt Bell-man, prethee lend me thy Bell.

Bell-m. Withall my heart, Maſter.

[*Sir* Fred. *rings the Bell, and then repeats theſe Verſes.*

Sir Fred. *You Widow, that do ſleep dog-ſleep,*
And now for your dead Husband weep,
Perceiving well what want you have
Of that poor worm has eat in Grave;
Riſe out of Bed, and ope the door;
Here's that will all your joys reſtore.
Good-morrow, my Miſtreſs dear, Good-morrow.
Good-morrow, Widow.

[He rings the Bell again.

The Chamber-maid comes to the Window unlac'd, holding her Petticoats in her hand.

Maid. Who's that comes at this unſeaſonable Hour, to diſturb my Ladies quiet.

Sir Fred. An honeſt Bell-man to mind her of her frailty.

Maid. Sir *Frederick*, I wonder you will offer this; You will looſe her favour for ever.

Sir *Fred.* Y'are miſtaken; now's the time to creep into Her favour.

Maid. I'm ſure y'ave wak'd me out of the ſweeteſt ſleep: Hey ho——

Sir *Fred.* Poor girl! let me in, I'le rock Thee into a ſweeter.

Maid. I hear a ſtirring in my Miſtreſſes Chamber; I believe y'ave frighted her. [*Exit Maid.*

Sir *Fred.* Sound a freſh Alarm; the Enemy's at hand. [*Fidlers play.*

The Widow comes to the Window in her Night-Gown.

Wid. Whoſe inſolence is this, that dares affront me Thus?

Sir *Fred. in a Canting Tone.* If there be inſolence in Love, 'tis I Have done you this unwilling injury.

Wid.

Wid. What pitiful rhyming fellow's that? he ſpeaks
As if he were prompted by the Fidlers.
Sir Fred. Alas, what pains I take thus to unclose
Thoſe pretty eye-lids which lock'd up my Foes!
Wid. A godly Buke would become that tone a great
Deal better: He might get a pretty living by
Reading Mother *Shipton's* Propheſies, or ſome
Pious Exhortation at the corner of a Street:
His mournful voice, I vow, has mov'd my compaſſion.
Sir Fred. Ay, ay, we ſhou'd have a fellow-feeling of one
Another indeed, Widow.
Wid. Sir *Fredrick*, is it you?
Sir Fred. Yes truly; and can you be angry, Lady?
Have not your Quarters been beaten up
At theſe moſt ſeaſonable hours before now?
Wid. Yes; but it has been by one that has had a Commiſſion
For what he did: I'm afraid ſhou'd it once become
Your Duty, you would ſoon grow weary of the Employment.
Sir Fred. Widow, I hate this diſtance; 'tis not the Engliſh faſhion:
Prethee let's come to't hand to fiſt.
Wid. I give no entertainment to ſuch lewd perſons.
Farewell, Sir. [*Exit Wid.*
Sir Fred. I'le fetch thee again, or conjure the whole Garden up.
Sing the Catch I taught you at the *Roſe*. [*Fidlers ſing.*

SONG.

HE that will win a Widows heart
Muſt bear up brickly to her:
She loves the Lad that's free and ſmart,
But hates the formal Wooer.

Widow runs to the window again, with her maid.

Wid. Hold, hold, Sir *Fredrick*; what do you imagine
The Neighbours will think?
Sir *Fred.* So ill, I hope, of thee, thou'lt be forc'd to
Think the better of me.
Wid. I am much beholden to you for the care you have
Of my Reputation.
Sir *Fred.* Talk no more, but let the door be open'd;
Or elſe Fidlers——
Wid. Pray hold; what ſecurity ſhall I have for
Your good behaviour?
Sir *Fred.* My Sobriety.

Wid. That's pawn'd at the Tavern from whence
You came.

Sir *Fred.* Thy own Honesty then; is that engag'd?

Wid. I think that will go nigh to secure me:
Give 'em entrance, *Betty*. [*Ex. Widow and her Maid.*

Enter Palmer, *with a Link before him.*

Sir *Fred.* Ha! who goes there?

Palm. An humble Creature of yours, Sir.

Sir *Fred.* *Palmer* in a disguise? What roguery
Hast thou been about?

Palm. Out of my loyal inclinations doing
Service to his Majesty.

Sir *Fred.* What? a plotting?

Palm. How to destroy his enemies, Mr. *Wheadle*
And I are very vigilant.

Sir *Fred.* In bubbling of some body, on my life.

Palm. We do not use to boast our services,
Nor do we seek Rewards; good actions
Recompense themselves.

Sir *Fred.* Ho, the door opens; farewel, Sirrah.
Gentlemen, wait you without, and be ready
When I call.
Honest Bell-man, drink this. [*Gives the Bell-man money.*

Bell-m. Thank you, Noble Master. [*Exit Bell-man.*

Sir *Fred. entring.* Here's something to stop thy mouth too.
[*The Maid shrieks.*

Maid. Out upon you, Sir *Frederick*; you'l never leave
Your old tricks. [*Exeunt.*

SCEN. III.

Scene, The Widows House.

Enter Sir. Frederick, *leading the Widow, follow'd by her Maid.*

Sir *Fred.* Little did I think I shou'd have been brought
To this pass: Love never had the power to rob me
Of my rest before.

Wid. Alas, poor Gentleman! he has not been us'd to
These late hours.

Sir *Fred.* Widow, do not you be peevish now; 'tis dangerous
Jesting with my affection; 'tis in its infancy, and
Must be humour'd.

Wid. Pray teach me how, Sir.

Sir *Fred.* Why, with kisses, and such pretty little dalliances;
Thus, thus. [*Kisses her.*

Wid.

Wid. Hold, hold, Sir; if it be so froward, put it out
To Nurse; I am not so fond of it as you imagine;
Pray how have you dispos'd of your brave Camerades?
Have you left them to the mercy of the Beadle?

Sir *Fred.* No, you must be acquainted with their Virtues.
Enter, Gentlemen.

Enter the Fidlers, and a Masque of the Link-boys, who are Dancing-masters, disguis'd for the Frollick.

Wid. These are men of skill. [*After the Masque.*

Sir *Fred.* I disguis'd 'em for your entertainment.

Wid. Well, Sir, now I hope you'l leave me to my Rest.

Sir *Fred.* Can you in conscience turn a young man
Out of doors at this time o'th' night, Widow?
Fie, fie, the very thought on't will keep you
Waking.

Wid. So pretty, so well-favour'd a young man;
One that loves me.

Sir *Fred.* Ay, one that loves you.

Wid. Truly 'tis a very hard-hearted thing. [*She sighs.*

Sir *Fred.* Come, come be mollifi'd. You may go, Gentlemen,
And leave me here; you may go. [*To the Masquers.*

Wid. You may stay, Gentlemen; you may stay,
And take your Captain along with you:
You'l find good Quarters in some warm Hay-loft.

Sir *Fred.* Merciless Woman! Do but lend me thy Maid; faith I'le
Use her very tenderly and lovingly, even as I'd use
Thy self, dear Widow, if thou wou'dst but make proof
Of my affection.

Wid. If the Constable carry your suspicious person to the
Compter, pray let me have notice of it; I'le send my
Taylor to be your Bail.

Sir *Fred.* Go, go to bed, and be idle, Widow; that's worse than
Any misfortune I can meet with. Strike up, and give
Notice of our coming. Farewell, Widow;
I pity thy solitary condition. [*Exeunt Fidlers playing*

SCEN. IV.

Scene, Sir *Frederick's* Lodging.

Enter Dusoy, *and Clark.*

Clark. I wonder Sir *Frederick* stays out so late.

Dusoy. Dis is noting; six, seven a clock in the morning

Is ver good hour.

Clark. I hope he does not uſe theſe hours often.

Dufoy. Some ſix, ſeven time a week; no oftiner.

Clark. My Lord commanded me to wait his coming.

Dufoy. Matré Clark, to divertiſe you, I vil tell you
How I did get be acquainted vid dis bedlam Matre.
About two, three year ago me had for my conveniance [*Enter a Foot-boy.*
Diſchargé my ſelf from attending as Matré D'oſtel to
A perſon of Condition in *Paris*; it hapen after de
Diſpatch of my little affairé——

Foot-b. That is, after h'ad ſpent his money, Sir.

Dufoy. Jan foutré de Lacque; me vil have de Vip
And de Belle vor your breeck, Rogue.

Foot-b. Sir, in a word, he was *Jack-pudding* to a Mountebank,
And turn'd off for want of wit: my Maſter pick'd him
Up before a Puppit-ſhow, mumbling a half-penny
Cuſtard, to ſend him with a Letter to the Poſt.

Dufoy. Morbleu, ſee, ſee de inſolance of de Foot-boy Engliſh,
Bogre Raſcale, you lye, begar I vil cutré your troaté. [*Exit Foot-boy.*

Clark. He's a Rogue; on with your ſtory, Mounſieur.

Dufoy. Matré Clark, I am your ver humble Serviteur; but
Begar me have no patience to be abuſé. As I did ſay, After
De diſpatché of my affairé, van day being Idele, vich
Does producé de Mellancholique, I did valké over
De new Bridge in *Paris*, and to devertiſe de time,
And my more ſerious tought, me did look to ſee
De Marrioneté and de Jack-puddingé, vich
Did play hundred pretty trikó, time de
Collation vas come; and vor I had no company, I vas
Unvilling to go to de Cabareté, but did buy a Darriolé,
Littel Cuſtardé vich did ſatisfie my apetite ver vel:
In dis time young Mounſieur de *Grandvil* (a Jentelman
Of ver great Quality, van dat vas my ver good Friendé,
And has done me ver great and inſignal faveure)
Come by in his Caroché, vid dis Sir *Frollick*, who did
Pention at the ſame Academy, to learn de
Language, de bon mine, de great horſe, and
Many oder trikó; Monſieur ſeeing me did
Make de bowé, and did beken, beken me come
To him; he did tellé me dat de Englis Jentelman
Had de Letré vor de Poſté, and did entreaté
Me (if I had de oppertunity, to ſee de Letré
Deliver; he did tellé me too, it vold be ver great
Obligation: de memory of de faveur I had

Receive

Receive from his Pamelyé, beſide de inclinátion I
Naturally have to ſervé de ſtrangeré, made me
Returné de complemen vid ver great civility,
And ſo I did take de Letré, and ſee it deliveré.
Sir *Frollick* perceiving (by de managment of dis
Affairé) dat I vas man d' eſprit, and of vitté, did
Entreaté me to be his Serviteur; me did take
D' affection to his Perſoné, and vas contenté to live
Vid him, to counſel and to adviſé him. You ſee
Now de lye of de Bougre dé Lacque Engliſhé, Morbleu.

Enter a Foot-man.

Foot-m. Monſieur, the Apothecary is without.

Dufoy. Dat news be no ver welcome, begar.
Matré Clarke, go and ſit you down; I vil but ſwal
My break face, and be vid you again preſant.
Morbleu L' apothecaré. [*Exeunt.*

SCEN. V.

Scené, A Field.

Enter Wheadle *and* Cully.

Cully. Dear *Wheadle*, this is too dangerous a teſtimony
Of thy kindneſs.

Whead. I ſhou'd be angry with you if you thought ſo:
What makes you ſo ſerious?

Cul. I am ſorry I did not provide for both our ſafeties.

Whead. How ſo?

Cul. Colonel *Hewſon* is my neighbour, and very good
Friend; I might have acquainted him with
The buſineſs, and got him with a File of
Muſketiers to ſecure us all.

Whead. But this wou'd not ſecure your Honour.
What wou'd the world have judg'd?

Cul. Let the world have judg'd what it wou'd: Have
We not had many preſidents of late, and
The world knows not what to judge?

Whead. But you ſee there was no need to hazard
Your Reputation; here's no enemy appears.

Cul. We have done our duty, let's be going then.

Whead. We ought to wait a while.

Cul. The air is ſo bleak, I vow I can no longer
Endure it.

Whead. Have a little patience, methinks I ſee two

Making

Making towards us
In the next Close.

Cul. Where, where? 'tis them.

Whead. Bear up bravely now like a man!

Cul. I protest I am the worst dissembler
In cases of this nature.

Whead. Alon; look like a man of resolution;
Whither, whither go you?

Cul. But to the next house to make my will,
For fear of the worst; tell them I'le be here
Again presently.

Whead. By no means; if you give 'em the least occasion
To suspect you, they'l appear like Lions.

Cul. Well, 'tis but giving security for the money;
That will bring me off at last.

Enter Palmer *and his Second.*

Palm. I see you ride the Fore-horse, Gentlemen.

[*All strip but* Cully, *who fumbles with his Doublet.*

Whead. Good-morrow, Sir.

Sec. Come, Sir, let us match the swords. [*To* Wheadle

Whead. With all my heart. [*They match the Swords*

Palmer *Sings.*

He had and a good right Bilbo *blade,*
Wherewith he us'd to vapour;
Full many a stubborn Foe had made
To wince and cut a caper.

Sec. Here's your sword, Sir. [*To* Palmer.

Palm. Come, Sir, are you ready for this sport? [*To* Cully.

Cul. By and by, Sir; I will not rend the buttons from my Doublet for no mans pleasure.

Whead. Death, y'ave spoil'd all; make haste.

Cul. Hang 'em, the Devil eggs 'em on; they will fight.

Palm. What, will you never have done fumbling?

Sec. This is a shame; fight him with his Doublet on;
There's no foul play under it.

Palm. Come, Sir, have at you. [*Making to* Cully.

Sec. Here, here, Sir. [*To* Wheadle.

Whead. I am for you, Sir. [Wheadle *and the* Second *seem to fight.*

Cul. Hold, hold, I beseech you, Mr. *Palmer*, hear me,
Hear me.

Whead. What's the matter?

Cul.

Cul. My Conſcience will not let me fight in a wrong
Cauſe; I will pay the money, I have fairly loſt it.
Whead. How contemptible is man, overcome by the worſt of
Paſſions, Fear! it makes him as much below Beaſts
As Reaſon raiſes him above them. I will my ſelf
Fight you both; Come on, if you dare.——
Cul. Prethee, dear *Wheadle*, do but hear me.
Whead. I diſown all the kindneſs I ever had for you:
Where are theſe men of valour, which owe their
Virtue to this man's Vice? let me go, I will chaſtiſe
Their inſolence my ſelf. [Cully *holds him.*
Cul. Dear *Wheadle*, bear with the frailties of
Thy Friend.
Whead. Death, what wou'd you have me do? can I ſerve
You with any thing more dear then my life?
Cul. Let us give them ſecurity,
Whead. Do you know what it is you wou'd do? have you conſider'd
What a thouſand Pounds is! 'tis a Fortune for any one man.
Cul. I will pay it all, thou ſhalt be no loſer.
Whead. Do you hear, Shepherd? how do you expect
This money?
Palm. I expect ſuch ſecurity for it as my friend ſhall adviſe.
Sec. A Warrant to confeſs a Judgment from you both.
Whead. You ſhall be damn'd firſt; you ſhall
Have nothing.
Palm. and Sec. We'l have your bloods.
[*They proffer to fight*; Cully *holds* Wheadle.
Whead. Let me go.
Cul. Dear *Wheadle*, let it be ſo. You ſhall
Have a Judgment, Gentlemen.
Whead. I will take care hereafter with whom I engage.
[*The* Second *pulls papers out of his pocket.*
What? you have your tacklings about you.
Sec. We have Articles for Peace, as well as Weapons
For War.
Whead. Diſpatch, diſpatch then, put me to no more
Torment with delays.
Sec. Come Sir *Nicholas* to the Book; you ſee we are favourable,
We grant you the benefit of your Clergy--Your [Cul. *ſubſcribes on* Palmer's
Helping hand, good M. *Wheadle*, to finiſh the work. *back, & then* Wheadle.
Whead. Take that into the bargain. [*Kicks him.*
Palm. You ſhall have another, if you pleaſe, at the price.
Sec. We ſeldom quarrel under a thouſand pounds.
Palm. and Sec. We wiſh you merry, Gentlemen.

Palmer

Palmer *Sings.*

Come, let's to the Tavern ſcape,
And drink whilſt we can ſtand;
We thirſt more for the blood o'th' Grape
Then for the blood of man.

[*Exeunt* Palmer *and* Second.

Whead. Do you ſee now what men of mighty prowels
Theſe are?
Cul. I was to blame, indeed.
Whead. Iam in ſuch a paſſion I know not what
To do: Let us not ſtand gazing here;
I wou'd not have this known for a Kingdom.
Cul. No, nor I neither. [*Exeunt.*

SCEN. VI.

Scene, The Lord *Bevill's* Houſe.

Enter my Lord Bevil *and* Lovis.

Lovis. 'Tis yet within your pow'r, Sir, to maintain
Our Honour, and prevent this threatning ſtain.
L. Bev. Forbear this wicked inſolence: Once more
I chrage you think on your Obedience. [*Exit L.* Bevil.
Lovis. Beauty, what art thou, we ſo much admire!
Thou art no real, but a ſeeming fire,
Which, like the glow-worm, only caſt'ſt a light
To them whoſe Reaſon Paſſion does benight.
Thou art a Meteor, which but blazing dies,
Made of ſuch vapours as from us ariſe.
Within thy guilty beams lurk cruel Fates,
To peaceful Families, and warring States:
Unhappy Friend, to doat on what we know——— [*Ent. a Servant*
Serv. Sir, Colonel *Bruce*, unexpectedly releaſed from
His Impriſonment, is come to wait upon you. [*Exit Servant.*
Lovis. What ſhall I do! Ye Powers above be kind,
Some counſel give to my diſtracted mind:
Friendſhip and ſhame within me ſo contend,
I know not how to ſhun or meet my Friend.

Enter Bruce.

Bruce. Where is my gen'rous Friend? Oh Noble Youth,
How long have I been rob'd of this content? [*They Embrace.*
Though deprivation be the greateſt pain,

When

When Heav'n reſtores our happineſs again,
It makes amends by our encreaſe of joy,
Perfecting that which it did once deſtroy.
Dear Friend, my love does now exact its due;
Graciana muſt divide my heart with you:
Conduct me to your Siſter, where I may
Make this my morn of Joy a glorious day.
What means this ſad aſtoniſhment!

Lovis. How can we chuſe but with confuſion greet,
When I your joys with equal ſorrows meet?

Bruc. O Heav'n! muſt my afflictions have no end!
I ſcap'd my Foe, to periſh by my Friend:
What ſtrange diſaſter can produce this grief!
Is *Graciana* dead? Speak, ſpeak; be brief.

Lovis. She lives; but I could wiſh her dead.

Bruce. Raſh man! why ſhould your envy ſwell ſo high,
To wiſh the world this great calamity?
Wiſh the whole frame of Nature were diſſolv'd;
That all things to a Chaos were revolv'd.
There is more charity in this deſire;
Since with our loſs, our ſorrows wou'd expire.

Enter Aurelia.

Lovis. Here comes *Aurelia*, ſent for my relief;
Heav'n knows her tongue can beſt expreſs this grief:
Examine her, and you ſhall find ere long
I can revenge, though not relate your wrong.

Bruce. For pity haſte, *Aurelia*, and declare [*Kiſſes her hand.*
The reaſons of your Brothers frighting care:
My ſoul is rack'd with doubts, until I know. [*After a pauſe.*
Your ſilence and your looks, *Aurelia*, ſhow
As if your kindneſs made you bear a part
Of thoſe great ſorrows that afflict his heart.

Aurel. His paſſion is ſo noble and ſo juſt,
No gen'rous Soul can know it but it muſt
Lay claim unto a portion, as its due:
He can be thus concern'd for none but you.

Bruce. Kind Maid, reveal what my misfortunes are;
Friendſhip muſt not engroſs them, though it ſhare.
I wou'd not willingly my Love ſuſpect;
And yet I fear 'tis anſwer'd with neglect.

Aurel. My Siſter, by unlucky ſtars miſled,
From you and from her happineſs is fled;
Unskilful in the way, by paſſion preſt,
She has took ſhelter in anothers breaſt.

Bruce. Fate, thou haſt done thy worſt, thy Triumph ſing;
Now thou haſt ſtung ſo home, th'aſt loſt thy ſting.
I have not power, *Graciana,* to exclaim [*After a pauſe.*
Againſt your fault; indeed you are to blame.
Lovis. Tell me, did ſhe her promiſe plight, or give
Your love encouragement enough to live?
Bruce. It was her pity ſure, and not her Love,
That made her ſeem my paſſion to approve:
My ſtory was unpleaſant to her ear
At firſt; but time had made her apt to hear
My Love: She told me that it grew her grief,
As much as mine, my pain found no relief;
Then promis'd ſhe'd endeavour the decreaſe
Of that in her which warr'd againſt my peace.
'Twas in this joyful ſpring of Love that I
Was raviſh'd from her by our enemy:
My hopes grew ſtrong, I baniſh'd all deſpair:
Theſe glowing ſparks I then left to the care
Of this fair maid, thinking ſhe might inſpire
My paſſion, and blow up the kindling fire.
Lovis. Alas! ſhe, to my knowledg, has been true;
Sh'as ſpoke and figh'd all that ſhe con'd for you.
Aurel. When you were forc'd to end, I did proceed,
And with ſucceſs the catching fire did feed;
Till Noble *Beaufort,* one unlucky day,
A viſit to our Family did pay;
Newly ariv'd from Forreign Courts, and fraught
With all thoſe Virtues that in Courts are taught:
He with his am'rous Tales ſo charm'd her ear,
That ſhe of Love from none but him wou'd hear.
Bruce. That heart which I ſo long with toil and pain
Beſieg'd, and us'd all ſtratagems to gain, [*Enter a Servant and whiſpers with* Lovis.
Is now become within a trice we ſee
The triumph of anothers Victory.
There is a fate in love, as well as war;
Some though leſs careful more ſucceſsful are.
Lovis. Do not this opportunity withſtand;
Theſe Lovers now are walking hand in hand
I'th'Garden; fight him there, and ſacrifice
His heart to that falſe Womans cruel ties:
If fate be ſo unjuſt to make thee fall,
His blood or mine ſhall wait thy Funeral.
Bruce. Young man, this raſhneſs muſt have my excuſe,
Since 'tis your friendſhip does your fault produce;

If

If powers above did not this paſſion ſway,
But that our Love our Reaſon did obey,
Your Siſter I with juſtice might accuſe,
Nor wou'd I this occaſion then refuſe.

Lovis. Does *Bruce* reſolve thus tamely to decline
His int'reſt, and like fooliſh women pine?
Can that great heart which in your breaſt does dwell,
Let your fond griefs above your courage ſwell?

Bruce. My paſſions grow unruly, and I find
Too ſoon they'l raiſe a Tempeſt in my mind.
Graciana, like fond Parents, y'are to blame
You did not in its youth correct my flame;
'Tis now ſo head-ſtrong, and ſo wild a fire,
I fear to both our ruines 'twill conſpire:
I grow impatient, Friend, come lead me where
I may to her my injur'd Love declare.
Graciana, yet your heart ſhall be my prize,
Or elſe my heart ſhall be your Sacrifice.
Deſpair's the iſſue of ignoble minds,
And but with Cowards entertainment finds. [*Exeunt* Lovis *and* Bruce.

Aurel. Heav'n grant ſome moderation to this rage,
That Reaſon their ſwell'd paſſions may aſſwage.
Oh *Bruce*! thou little think'ſt the Fates in me
Have to the full reveng'd thy injury. [*Exit.*

SCEN. VII.

Scene, A Garden belonging to my Lord *Bevill's* Houſe.

Enter Beaufort *and* Graciana.

Beauf. Madam, what you have told ſo much muſt move
All that have ſenſe of Honour or of Love,
That for my Rival I cou'd ſhed a Tear,
If grief had any pow'r when you are near.

Grace. Leave this diſcourſe; your Miſtreſs you neglect
And to your Rival all your thoughts direct.

Enter Bruce *and* Lovis, *and ſtand undiſcover'd.*

Beauf. Forgive me, dear *Graciana*, I have been
By my compaſſion ſooth'd into a ſin.
The holieſt man that to the Altar bows
With wand'ring thoughts too often ſtains his Vows.

Bruce. Graciana, you are alter'd much, I find; [*Surpriſing her by the hand.*
Since I was here y'ave learn'd how to be kind.
The god of Love, which ſubt'ly let you ſway,

Has ſtoln your heart, and taught it to obey.

Grac. Heav'ns! what ſtrange ſurpriſe is this!

Bruc. Hither I'm come to make my lawful claim;
You are my Miſtreſs, and muſt own my flame.

Beauf. Forbear, bold man, and do not tempt thy fate; [*Taking her by the other hand.*
Thou haſt no right, her Love does right create:
Thy Claim muſt to my Title here give place;
'Tis not who loves, but whom ſhe's pleas'd to grace.

Grac. Hear me but ſpeak; *Bruce*, you divide my care;
Though not my Love, you my Compaſſion ſhare;
My heart does double duty; it does mourn
For you brave *Bruce*; for you brave *Beaufort* burn.

Bruce. Your pity but deſtroys: if you wou'd ſave,
It is your Love, *Graciana*, I muſt have.

Beauf. Her Love is mine, ſhe did it now declare;
Name it no more, but vaniſh and deſpair.

Bruce. Death, do you think to conjure me away!
I am no Devil that am forc'd t' obey:
If y'are ſo good at that, here are ſuch charms [*Laying his hand on his ſword.*
Can fright y' into the circle of her arms.

Beauf. Here is a Sword more fit for my defence;
This is not courage, *Bruce*, but inſolence. [Grac. *takes* Beauf. *in her arms.*
Graciana, let me go, my heart wants room.

Grac. My arms till now were ne're thought troubleſom.

Bruce. Beaufort, I hope y'ave courage to appear,
Where ſacred Sanctuary is not near.
I'le leave you now within that happy ſtate
Which does provoke my fury and my hate. [*Exit* Bru. *and* Lov.

Grac. You muſt not meet him in the field, to prove
A doubtful Combate for my certain Love.
Beſide, your heart is mine; will you expoſe
The heart you gave me to its raging foes?
Thoſe men want honour who ſtake that at play
Which to their Friends their kindneſs gave away.

Beauf. Graciana, why did you confine me ſo
Within your arms? you ſhou'd have let me go:
We ſoon had finiſh'd this our hot debate,
Which now muſt wait a longer time on Fate.

Grac. None, in combuſtions blame ſuch as deſire
To ſave their pretious Goods from raging fire:
Baniſh this paſſion now, my Lord, and prove
Your anger cannot over-cloud your Love.

Beauf. Your glorious preſence can this rage controul
And make a calm in my tempeſtuous ſoul;

Buryer there must be time; the Sun does bear
A while with the fierce tempests of the Air,
Before he make those stormy conflicts cease,
And with his conquering beams proclaims a peace. [*Exeunt.*

ACT. IV. SCEN. I.

Enter Lord Beaufort *and* Lovis.

Lovis. FArewel, my Lord, I'le to my Friend declare
How gen'rous you in your acceptance were.
Beauf. My Honour is as forward as my Love,
On equal wings of jealousie they move:
I to my Rival will in neither yield;
I've won the Chamber, and will win the Field.
Lovis. Your Emulation, Sir, is swoln so high,
You may be worthy of his Victory:
You'l meet with Honour blown, not in the bud,
Whose Root was fed with vast expence of blood. [*Exit* Lovis.

Enter Sir Frederick.

Sir *Fred.* What, my Lord, as studious as a Country
Vicar on a Saturday in the afternoon?
I thought you had been ready for the Pulpit.
Beauf. I am not studying of speeches for my Mistress;
'Tis action that I now am thinking on'
Wherein there's Honour to be gain'd;
And you, Cousin, are come luckily to share it.
Sir *Fred.* On my life a prize to be plaid for your Mistress:
I had notice of your Quarrel, which brought me
Hither so early with my Sword to serve you.
But dares so zealous a Lover as your Lordship
Break the commandment of your Mistress? I heard,
Poor Lady, she wept, and charg'd you to sleep
In a whole skin; but young men never know
When th' are well.
Beau. Cousin, my love to her cannot make me forget my duty
To my Family.
Sir *Fred.* Pray whose body must I exercise my skill
Upon?
Beauf. You met the man; *Graciana's* Brother.
Sir *Fred.* An expert Gentleman, and I have not
Fenc'd of late, unless it were with my

Widows

Widows Maids; and they are e'en too hard
For me at my own weapon.

Beauf. Cousin, 'tis time we were preparing for the Field.

Sir *Fred.* I wait to serve you, Sir.

Beauf. But yet with grief, *Gratiana*, I must go,
Since I your Brother there shall meet my Foe;
My fate too near resembles theirs where he
Did wound himself that hurt his Enemy. [*Exeunt.*

SCEN. II.

Enter Wheadle, *and* Palmer *dress'd like the Lord* Bevil.

Whead. So, my *Protean*, exactly dress'd!
Dexterous Rogue! Is *Grace* ready in her Gears, and
Settl'd in my Lady *Dawbwells* house?

Palm. Every trap is baited.

Whead. I'le warrant thee then we catch our *Cully*:
He's gone to put himself into a fantastick
Garb, in imitation of Sir *Fredrick Frollick*;
He's almost frantick with the very conceit
Of gaining the rich Widow. But hark, I
Hear him coming; slip down the back way,
And to your charge. [*Exit* Palmer.

Enter Cully.

Sir Nich. Wheadle, and what think you of this
Habit? is it not very modish?

Whead. As any man need wear: How did you
Furnish your self so suddenly?

Sir Nich. Suddenly? I protest I was at least at
Sixteen Brokers, before I cou'd put my self
Exactly into the fashion; but now I defie
Sir *Fredrick*; I am as fine as he, and will be as mad
As he, if that will carry the Widow, I'le warrant
Thee.

Whead. Is it not better pushing thus for a Fortune,
Before your Reputation's blasted
With the infamous names of Coward and Gamester?
And so become able to pay the thousand pounds without noise,
Then going into the Country, selling your Land,
Making a havock among your Woods, or mortgaging
Your Estate to a scrupulous Scrivener, that will
Whisper it into the ears of the whole Town,

By

By inquiring of your good behaviour?

Sir Nich. Excellent *Wheadle*! And will my Lord *Bevil* ſpeak my commendations to his Siſter?

Whead. She is impatient till ſhe ſee you, Sir; For in my hearing, upon the account I gave him Of you, he told her you were the prettieſt, wittieſt, Wildeſt Gentleman about the Town, and a Cavalier In your heart; The only things that take her.

Sir Nich. *Wheadle*, come, I will go to the Tavern, And ſwallow two whole quarts of Wine Inſtantly, and when I am drunk Ride on a Drawers back to viſit her.

Whead. Some leſs Frollick to begin with.

Sir Nich. I will cut three Drawers over the pate then, And go with a Tavern-Lanthorn before me at noon-day. Come away. [*Exeunt*, Cully *ſinging*.

SCEN. III.

Enter Palmer *and* Grace.

Palm. Do not I look like a very Reverend Lord, *Grace*?

Grace. And I like a very fine Lady, Mr. *Palmer*?

Palm. Yes in good faith, *Grace*; what a rogue is that *Wheadle*, to have kept ſuch a Treaſure to himſelf, Without communicating a little to his Friends? [*Offers to kiſs her.*

Grace. Forbear; you'l be out in your Part, My Lord, when Sir *Nich'las* comes.

Palm. The truth is, my Lady, I am better Prepar'd at this time to act a Lover then A Relation.

Grace. That grave dreſs is very amorous indeed.

Palm. My Virtues, like thoſe of Plants in the Winter, Are retir'd; your warm ſpring Wou'd fetch 'em out with a vengeance.

Enter Jenny *in haſte.*

Jenny. Mr. *Wheadle* and Sir *Nich'las* are come.

Palm. Away, away then, Siſter; expect your Kew.

Enter Wheadle *and Sir* Nicholas, *kicking a Tavern-boy before him, who has three Bottles of Wine on a Rope hanging at his back.*

Cul. ſinging. *Then march along, Boys; valiant and ſtrong, Boys.* So, lay down the Bottles here.

Wheadle.

Whead. My Lord, this is the worthy Gentleman
That I told you was
Ambitious to be your Sisters Servant.
Cul. Hither I am come, my Lord, to drink
Your Sisters Health, without offence, I hope.
Palm. You are heartily welcome, Sir.
Cul. Here's a Brimmer then to her, and all the
Fleas about her.
Palm. Sir, I'le call her self to pledg it.
Cul. Stay, stay, My Lord, that you may
Be able to tell her you have drunk it. [Palmer *drinks and exit.*
Wheadle, how do you like this? [*Draws his sword.*
Shall I break the Windows?
Whead. Hold, hold; you are not in a
House of evil reputation.
Cul. Well admonish'd, Sir *Frederick Frollick.*

Enter Palmer *and* Grace.

Palm. This is Sir *Nich'las*, Sister.
Cul. I, Madam, I am Sir *Nich'las*, and how do you like me?
Grace. A pretty Gentleman.
Pray, Sir, are you come a House-warming,
That you bring Wine with you?
Cul. If you ask such pert Questions,
Madam, I can stop your mouth. [*Kisses her.*
Hither I am come to be drunk,
That you may see me drunk, and
Here's a Health to your Flannel Petticoat. [*Drinks.*
Grace. Mr. *Wheadle*, my service to you; a Health [*She drinks part.*
To Sir *Nich'las* great Grand-fathers Beard-brush.
Cul. Nay, pledg me; ha——
Grace. You are not quarrelsom in your drink,
I hope, Sir.
Cul. No, faith; I am wond'rous loving. [*Hugs her.*
Grace. You are a very bold Lover.
Cul. Widow, let you and I go upon the ramble
To night.
Grace. Do you take me for a Night-walker, Sir?
Cul. Thou shalt be witness how many Constables
Staves I'le break about the Watchmens ears:
How many Bell-men I'le rob of their Verses,
To furnish a little Appartment in the back side
Of my Lodging.
Grace. I believe y'are an excellent man at
Quarter-staff, Sir,

Cul.

Col. The odds was on my head againſt any Warrener
In all our Country; but I have left it off this
Two year. My Lord, what ſay you, Do you think
Your Siſter and I ſhou'd not furniſh a Bed-chamber
As well as two ſoberer people? what think you, my Lord?

Grace. I, and a Nurſery too, I hope, Sir.

Col. Well ſaid, Widow, i'faith; I will get upon thy body
A generation of wild Cats, children that ſhall
Waw, waw, ſcratch their Nurſes, and be drunk
With their ſucking-bottles.

Whead. Brave Sir *Nich'las.*

Col. Wheadle, give me a Brimmer; the Widow
Shall drink it to our Progeny.
Where, where is ſhe gone? [*Exit* Grace.

Palm. You have frighted her hence, Sir.

Col. I'le fright her worſe, if I find her in a corner.
Ha, Widow, I'le follow you; I'le follow you, ha.

Whead. The Wine makes the Rogue witty; he
Over-acts the Part I gave him;
Sir *Frederick* is not half ſo mad: I will keep
Him thus elevated till he has married *Grace*,
And we have the beſt part of his eſtate at our mercy.

Palm. Moſt ingenious *Wheadle!*

Whead. I was not born to eaſe nor Acres;
Induſtry is all my ſtock of living. [*The women ſhriek within.*

Palm. Harh, heputs them to the ſqueek.

Whead. We muſt go and take him off; he's as fierce
As a Bandog that has newly broke his chain. [*Exeunt laughing.*

SCEN. IV.

Scene, A Field.

Enter Bruce *and* Lovis, *and traverſe the Stage.*

Then enter four or five men in diſguiſes.

1 *Man.* This way they went; be ſure you kill the Villain;
Let pity be a ſtranger to your breaſts.

2 *Man.* We have been bred, you know, unacquainted with
Compaſſion.

3 *Man.* But why, Colonel, ſhou'd you ſo eagerly
Purſue his life? he has the report of
A gallant Man.

1 *Man.* He murdered my Father.

3 *Man.* I have heard he kill'd him fairly in
The Field at *Nauby*.
1 *Man.* He kill'd him, that's enough; and I my ſelf
Was witneſs: I accus'd him to the
Protector, and ſuborn'd Witneſs
To have taken away his life by form
Of Law; but my Plot was diſcover'd, and
He yeſterday releas'd; ſince which I've
Watch'd an opportunity, without the
Help of ſeeming Juſtice, for my Revenge.
Strike home.———
3 *Man.* We are your hired ſlaves; and ſince
You'l have it ſo, we'l ſhed his blood,
And never ſpare our own. [*Exeunt, drawing their Swords.*

Enter Beaufort *and Sir* Frederick, *and traverſe the Stage.*

Enter Bruce *and* Lovis *at another door.*

Bruce. Your Friendſhip, noble Youth, 's too prodigal;
For one already loſt you venture all;
Your preſent happineſs, your future joy;
You for the hopeleſs your great hopes deſtroy.
Lovis. What can I venture for ſo brave a friend?
I have no hopes but what on you depend.
Shou'd I your Friendſhip and my Honour rate
Below the value of a poor Eſtate,
A heap of dirt! Our Family has been
To blame, my blood muſt here atone the ſin.

Enter the five Villains with drawn Swords.

Heav'ns! what is there an Ambuſcado laid!
Draw, deareſt Friend, I fear we are betray'd.
1 *Vil. Bruce*, look on me and then prepare to die. [*Pulling off his Vizard.*
Bruce. O Treacherous Villain!
1 *Vil.* Fall on, and ſacrifice his blood to my Revenge.
Lovis. More hearts then one ſhall bleed if he muſt die. [*They fight.*

Enter Beaufort *and Sir* Frederick.

Beauf. Heav'ns! what's this I ſee! Sir *Frederick*, draw;
Their blood's too good to grace ſuch
Villains Swords. Courage, brave men; now
We can match their Force.
Lovis. We'l make you, ſlaves, repent [*The Villains run.*
This Treachery.
Beauf. So.
Bruce. They are not worth purſuit; we'l let them go.
Brave men! this action makes it well appear

'Tis

'Tis Honour and not Envy brings you here.
Beauf. We come to conquer, *Bruce*, and not to see
Such Villains rob us of our Victory.
Your lives our fatal swords claim as their due;
W'had wrong'd our selves had we not righted you.
Bruce. Your gen'rous courage has oblig'd us so,
That to your succour we our safety owe.
Lovis. Y'ave done what men of Honour ought to do,
What in your cause we wou'd have done for you.
Beauf. You speak the truth, w'ave but our duty done;
Prepare: Duty's no obligation. [*He strips.*
Bruce. My Honour is dis-satisfi'd; I must, [Lovis *and Sir* Frederick *strips.*
My Lord, consider whether it be just
To draw my Sword against that life which gave
Mine, but e'en now, protection from the grave.
Beauf. None come into the Field to weigh what's right,
This is no place for Councel, but for Fight:
Dispatch.
Bruce. I am resolv'd I will not fight.
Beauf. Did I come hither then only to fright
A company of fearful slaves away?
My Courage stoops not at so mean a prey:
Know, *Bruce*, I hither come to shed thy blood.
Bruce. Open this bosom, and let out a flood.
Beauf. I come to Conquer bravely in the Field,
Not to take poor revenge on such as yield.
Has nothing pow'r, too backward man, to move
Thy Courage? Think on thy neglected Love:
Think on the beauteous *Graciana*'s Eyes;
'Tis I have robb'd thee of that glorious prize.
Bruce. There are such charms in *Graciana*'s Name, [*Strips hastily.*
My scrup'lous Honour must obey my Flame:
My lazy Courage I with shame condemn:
No thoughts have power streams of blood to stem.
Sir *Fred.* Come, Sir, out of kindness to our Friends
You and I must pass a small complement
On each other. [*They all fight.*

Beaufort *after many Passes closes with* Bruce; *they fall*; Beaufort *disarms him.*

Beauf. Here, live. [*Giving* Bruce *his Sword again.*
Bruce. My Lord, y'ave gain'd a perfect Victory;
Y'ave vanquish'd and oblig'd your enemy.
Beauf. Hold, gallant men.

[Bruce *and* Beaufort *part* Lovis *and Sir* Frederick.

Lovis. Before we bleed: Do we here fight a Prize,
Where handsom proffers may for Wounds suffice?
I am amaz'd! What means this bloodless Field?

Bruce. The stoutest heart must to his fortune yield.
Brave Youth! here Honour did with Courage vie, [*To* Beauf.
And both agree to grace your Victory.
Heaven with such a Conquest favours few:
'Tis easier to destroy then to subdue.
Our bodies may by brutish force be kill'd;
But noble Minds alone to Virtue yield.
My Lord, I've twice receiv'd my life from you;
Much is to both those gen'rous actions due:
The noble Giver I must highly prize,
Though I the Gift, heav'n knows, as much despise.
Can I desire to live, when all the Joy
Of my poor life its Ransom does destroy!
No, no, *Graciana's* loss I'le ne'r survive;
I pay too dear for this unsought Reprieve.
[*Falls on his Sword, and is desperately wounded.*

Beauf. Hold gallant man! Honour her self does bleed;
[*Running to him, takes him in his arms.*
All gen'rous hearts are wounded by this deed.

Lovis. He does his blood for a lost Mistress spend;
And shall not I bleed for so brave a Friend?
[Lovis *offers to fall on his Sword, but is hindered by Sir* Frederick.

Sir *Fred.* Forbear, Sir; the Frollick's not to go round, as I take it.

Beauf. 'Twere greater Friendship to assist me here:
I hope the wound's not mortal, though I fear——

Bruce. My Sword, I doubt, has fail'd in my relief;
'T has made a vent for blood, but not for grief.
[Bruce *struggling*, Lovis *and Sir* Frederick *help to hold him.*
Let me once more the unkind Weapon try.
Will you prolong my pain? oh cruelty!

Lovis. Ah, dearest *Bruce*, can you thus careless be
Of our great friendship, and your Loyalty!
Look on your Friend; your drooping Country view;
And think how much they both expect from you.
You for a Mistress waste that precious blood,
Which shou'd be spent but for our Masters good.

Sir *Fred.* Expence of blood already makes him faint;
Let's carry him to the next house, till we can
Procure a chair to convey him to my Lord *Bevill's*,

The

The best place for accommodation. [*They all take him up.*

Beauf. Honour has plaid an after-game; this Field
The Conq'rour does unto the Conquer'd yield. [*Exeunt.*

SCEN. V.

Enter Graciana *weeping.*

Grac. Farewel all thoughts of happiness, farewel:
My fears together with my sorrows swell:
Whilst from my eyes there flows this Christal flood,
From their brave hearts there flows such streams of blood.
Here I am lost, while both for me contend;
With what success can this strange Combate end?
Honour with Honour fights for Victory,
And Love is made the common enemy.

Enter Lord Bevil.

L. *Bevill weeping.* Ah, Child!——

Grac. Kill me not with expectation, Sir.

L. *Bev.* The gen'rous *Bruce* has kill'd himself
For you: Being disarm'd, and at his Rivial's mercy,
His Life and Sword were given him by the
Noble Youth; He made a brave acknowledgment
For both; but then considering you were lost,
He scorn'd to live; and falling on his Sword,
Has giv'n himself a mortal wound. [*Exit L.* Bevil.

Enter Aurelia *weeping.*

Aurel. Cruel *Graciana*, Go but in and see
The fatal Triumph of your Victory.
The Noble *Bruce*, to your eternal shame,
With his own blood has quench'd his raging flame.

Grac. weeping. My carriage shall in these misfortunes prove
That I have Honour too; as well as Love.

Aurel. aside, Thy sorrows, sad *Aurelia*, will declare
At once, I fear, thy Love and thy Despair:
These streams of grief straight to a flood will rise;
I can command my Tongue, but not my eyes. [*Exit* Aure.

Grac. In what a Maze, *Graciana*, dost thou tread!
Which is the Path that doth to Honour lead?
In this Lab'rinth so resolve to move,
That none shall judge I am misled by Love.

Enter Beaufort.

Beauf. Here Conq'rours must forget their Victories,
And homage pay to your victorious Eyes.

Graciana,

Graciana, hither your poor [illegible] is come,
After his Conquest to receive his doom;
Smile on his Victory; had he prov'd untrue
To Honour, he had then prov'd false to you.

Grac. Perfidious man, can you expect from me
An approbation of your Treachery!
When I, distracted with prophetick fears,
Blasted with sighs, and almost drown'd in tears,
Begg'd you to moderate your Rage last night,
Did you not promise me you wou'd not fight?
Go now and triumph in your Victory;
Into the Field you went my Enemy,
And are return'd the only man I hate,
The wicked instrument of my sad fate.
My Love has but dissembled been to thee
To try my gen'rous Lover's constancy. [*Exit* Graicana.

Beauf. Oh Heav'n! how strange and cruel is my fate!
Preserv'd by Love, to be destroy'd by hate! [*Exit* Beaufort.

SCEN. VI.

Scene, the Widows House.

Enter Betty *and* Lettice, *the two Chamber-maids, severally.*

Betty. Oh, *Lettice*, we have staid for you.

Lett. What hast thou done to the French-man,
Girl? he lies yonder neither dead nor drunk;
No body knows what to make of him.

Betty. I sent for thee to help make sport with him;
He'l come to himself, never fear him:
Have you not observ'd how scurvily h'as look'd
Of late?

Lett. Yes; and he protests it is for love of you.

Betty. Out upon him, for a dissembling Rascal;
H'as got the foul Disease;
Our Coach-man discover'd it by a Bottle of Diet
Drink he brought and hid behind the stairs, into which
I infus'd a little *Opium*.

Lett. What dost intend to do with him?

Betty. You shall see.

Enter Coach-man with a Tub without a bottom, a shut at the top to be lock'd, and a hole to put ones head out at, made easie to be born on ones shoulders.

Coach-m. Here's the Tub; where's the French-man?

Betty.

Betty. He lies behind the ſtairs; haſte and bring him in,
That he may take quiet poſſeſſion of this wooden Tenement;
For 'tis neer his time of waking.

The Coach-man and another Servant bring in Dufoy, *and put him into the Tub.*

Is the Fidler at hand that us'd to ply at the blind
Ale-houſe?

Coach-m. He's ready.

Enter a Fidler.

Betty. Well, let's hear now what a horrible noiſe you
Can make to wake this Gentleman. [*Fidler plays a Tune.*

Lett. He wants a helping hand; his eye-lids [Dufoy *begins to wake.*
Are ſeal'd up; ſee how the wax ſticks upon 'em.
Let me help you, Monſieur.

Dufoy. Vat até you? Jernie! vat is dis! am I
Jack in a boxé? begar, who did puttè
Me here?

Betty. Good-morrow, Monſieur; will you be pleas'd
To take your Pills this morning?

Dufoy. Noé; but I vo'd have de diable take youé;
It vas youé dat did abuſé me dus, vas
It noté? begar I vil killé ale dè
Shamber-maid in *Englandé*.

Lett. Will you be pleas'd to drink, Monſieur?
There's a Bottle of your Diet-drink within.

Dufoy. Are youé de littel diable come to tormenté mé?
Morbleu! vas ever man afronté in dis naturé!

Betty. Me-thinks he has ferbon, mine Monſieur,
Now if you pleaſe to make your little Addreſſé,
And your amouré, you will not find me ſo coy.

Dufoy. Begar I vil no marié de coüſin Germain
Of de diable.

Lett. What ſhou'd he do with a Wife? he has not
Houſe-room for her.

Betty. Why do you not keep your head within
Doors, Monſieur?

Lett. Now there's ſuch a ſtorm abroad.

Dufoy. Why did not youé keep your Maiden-headè
Vid in dooré? begar, tellé me daté.

Coach-m. Have you any fine French Commodities to ſell,
Gloves and Ribbands? y'ave got
A very convenient ſhop, Monſieur.

Dufoy. I do hope you vil have veriè
Convenient halteré, begar.

Jerny,

Jerny, Can I not taré dis tingé in de pieces?

Betty. You begin to ſwear, Monſieur; the Tub is
Proper for you.

Duſoy. I have no more patiencé;
I vil breaké dis priſon, or I vil breaké
My neké, and ye ſhall alé be hangé. [*Struggles to get out.*

Lett. He begins to rave; bleſs the poor man.

Betty. Some Muſique quickly, to
Compoſe his mind. [*The Muſique plays; and they Dance about him.*
How prettily the ſnail carries his Tenement [*He walks with the Tub on his back.*
On his back! I'm ſorry I am but his Miſtreſs:
If I had been your Wife, Monſieur, I had made
You a compleat ſnail; your horns
Shou'd have appear'd.

Duſoy. I vil have de pàtiancé, dere is no oder remedé;
You be alé de Raskalé Whore; de diable
Take you alé; and I vil ſay no more, begar.

Betty. This is a very fine Veſſel, and wou'd ſwim well;
Let's to the Horſe-pond with him.

Lett. Come, come, he looks as ſullenly as a Hare
In her Form; let's leave him.

Coach-m. Your Serviteur tres humble, Monſieur. [*Exeunt all but* Duſoy

Duſoy. Bougre, I canno hangé my ſelfé; begar I canno
Drowné my ſelfé; I vil go hidé my ſelfé,
And ſtarvé to dyé; I vil no be de laughé
For every Jackanapé Engliſhé. Morbleu.

SCEN. VII.

Sir Frederick *is brought in upon a Bier, with a mourning Cloth over him, attended by a Gentleman in a mourning Cloak: Four Fidlers carry the Corps, with their Inſtruments tuck'd under their Cloaks.*

Enter the Widow weeping.

Mourner. Madam, you muſt expect a bloody conſequence
When men of ſuch prodigious courage fight.
The young Lord *Beaufort* was the firſt that fell,
After his ſword too deeply had engag'd
His Rival not to ſtay behind him long.
Sir *Frederick* with your Nephew bravely fought;
Death long did keep his diſtance, as if he
Had fear'd exceſs of Valour; but when they,
Ore-loaded with their wounds, began to faint,
He with his terrors did invade their breaſts.

Fame

Fame ſoon brought many to the Tragick place,
Where I found my deareſt Friend, Sir *Frederick*,
Almoſt as poor in breath as blood:
He took me by the hand, and all the ſtock h'ad left
He ſpent, Madam, in calling upon you.
He firſt proclaim'd your Virtues, then his Love;
And having charg'd me to convey his Corps hither
To wait on you, his lateſt breath expir'd with
The Command.

Wid. The World's too poor to recompenſe this loſs.
Unhappy woman! why ſhou'd I ſurvive
The only man in whom my joys did live?
My dreadful grief! [*The Fidlers prepare.*

Enter Dufoy *in his Tub.*

Dufoy. Oh my Matré, my Matré; who has kill my
Matré? Morbleu, I vil—— [*The Widow ſhrieks, and runs out: All the Fidlers run out in a fright.*
Oh, de diablé, de diable! [*Sir* Frederick *ſtarts up, which frights* Dufoy.

Sir Fred. What deviliſh accident is
This? or has the Widow undermin'd me?
[*Enter the Widow and her Maid laughing.*
I ſhall be laugh'd to death now indeed,
By Chamber-maids; why have you no
Pity, Widow?

Wid. None at all for the living; Ha, ha, ha.
You ſee w'are provided for your Frollick, Sir; ha, ha.

Sir Fred. Laugh but one minute longer, I will forſwear
Thy company, kill thy Tabby Cat, and make thee weep
For ever after.

Wid. Farewell, Sir; expect at night to ſee the old
Man, with his paper Lanthorn and crack'd
Spectacles, ſinging your woful Tragedy
To Kitchin-maids and Coblers Prentices.
[*Widow offers to go, Sir* Frederick *holds her by the arm.*

Sir Fred. Hark you, hark you, Widow:
By all thoſe Devils that have
Hitherto poſſeſs'd thy Sex——

Wid. No ſwearing, good Sir *Frederick*,

Sir Fred. Set thy face then; let me not ſee the remains
Of one poor ſmile: So now I will kiſs thee,
And be friends. [*Widow falls out a laughing.*
Not all thy wealth ſhall hire me to
Come within ſmell of thy breath again.
Jealouſie, and, which will be worſe for thee, VVidow, Impotence

Light upon me, if I stay one moment longer with thee. [*Offers to go.*

Wid. Do you hear, Sir; can you be so angry with one
That loves you so passionately she cannot survive
You?

Sir Fred. Widow, May the desire of man keep thee
Waking till thou art as mad as I am. [*Exit Sir* Frederick.

Wid. How lucky was this accident!
How he wou'd have insulted
Over my weakness else!
Sir *Frederick*, since I've warning, you shall prove
More subtil ways, before I own my Love. [*Exeunt.*

ACT. V. SCEN. I.

Scene, The Lord *Bevill's* House.

Enter Lovis, *a Chirurgion, Servants, carrying* Bruce *in a Chair.*

Chir. COurage, brave Sir; do not mistrust my Art.

Bruce. Tell me, didst thou e'er cure a wounded heart?
Thy skill, fond man, thou here employ'st in vain;
The ease thou giv'st does but encrease my pain.

Lovis. Dear *Bruce*, my life does on your life depend;
Though you disdain to live, yet save your Friend.

Bruc. Do what you please; but are not those unkind
That ease the body, to afflict the mind? [*The Chirurgion dresses him.*
Oh cruel Love! thou shoot'st with such strange skill,
The wounds thou mak'st will neither heal nor kill:
Thy flaming Arrows kindle such a fire
As will not waste thy Victims, nor expire!

Enter Aurelia.

Lovis. Is the wound mortal? tell me; [*To the Chirurgion.*
Or may we cherish hopes of his Recovery?

Chir. The danger is not imminent; yea my Prognostick
Boads a sad event: For though there be no great
Vessel dissected, yet I have cause to fear
That the Parenchyma of the right lobe of the lungs,
Near some large branch of the *Aspera arteria*,
Is perforated.

Lovis. Tell me in English, will he live or die?

Chir. Truly I despair of his recovery. [*Exit Chirurgion.*

Aurel. aside. Forgive me, Ladies, if excess of Love
Me beyond rules of Modesty does move,

And,

And, against custom, makes me now reveal
Those flames my tortur'd breast did long conceal;
'Tis some excuse, that I my Love declare
When there's no med'cine left to cure despair. [*Weeps by the Chair side*

Bruce. Oh Heav'n; can fair *Aurelia* weep for me!
This is some comfort to my misery.
Kind Maid, those eyes should only pity take
Of such as feel no wounds but what they make:
Who for another in your sight does mourn,
Deserves not your compassion, but your scorn.

Aurel. I come not here with tears to pity you;
I for your pity with this passion sue.

Bruce. My pity! tell me, what can be the grief,
That from the miserable hopes relief!

Aurel. Before you know this grief, you feel the pain.

Bruce. You cannot love, and not be lov'd again:
Where so much Beauty does with Love conspire,
No mortal can resist that double fire.

Aurel. When proud *Graciana* wounded your brave heart,
On poor *Aurelia's* you reveng'd the smart:
Whilst you in vain did seek those wounds to cure,
With patience I their torture did endure.

Bruce. My happiness has been so long conceal'd,
That it becomes my misery reveal'd:
That which shou'd prove my joy, now proves my grief;
And that brings pain, which, known, had brought relief.
Aurelia, why wou'd you not let me know,
Whilst I had pow'r to pay, the debt I owe?
'Tis now too late; yet all I can I'le do;
I'le sigh away the breath I've left for you.

Aurel. You yet have pow'r to grant me all I crave;
'Tis not your Love I court, I court your Grave.
I with my flame seek not to warm your breast,
But beg my ashes in your Urn may rest:
For since *Graciana's* loss you scorn'd t'out-live,
I am resolv'd I'le not your death survive.

Bruce. Hold, you too gen'rous are; yet I may live:
Heav'n for your sake may grant me a reprieve.

Aurel. Oh, no; Heav'n has decreed, alas, that we
Shou'd in our Fates, not in our Loves agree.

Bruce. Dear Friend, my rashness I too late repent; [*To Lovis.*
I ne're thought death till now a punishment.

Enter Graciana.

Grac. Oh, do not talk of death! the very sound

Once more will give my heart a mortal wound:
Here on my knees I've sinn'd I must confess
Against your Love, and my own happiness;
I, like the child, whose folly proves his loss,
Refus'd the gold, and did accept the dross.

Bruce. You have in *Beaufort* made so good a choice,
His virtues such, he has his Rival's voice;
Graciana, none but his great Soul cou'd prove
Worthy to be the centre of your Love.

Grac. You to another wou'd such virtue give,
Brave Sir, as in your self does only live.
If to the most deserving I am due,
He must resign his weaker claim to you.

Bruce. This is but flattery; for I'me sure you can
Think none so worthy as that gen'rous man:
By honour you are his.

Grac. Yet, Sir, I know
How much I to your gen'rous passion owe;
You bleed for me; and if for me you die,
Your loss I'le mourn with vow'd Virginity.

Bruce. Can you be mindful of so small a debt,
And that which you to *Beaufort* owe forget?
That will not Honour but Injustice be;
Honour with Justice always does agree.
This gen'rous pity which for me you show,
Is more then you to my misfortunes owe:
These tears, *Graciana*, which for me you shed,
Ore-prize the blood which I for you have bled:
But now I can no more———
My Spirits faint within my wearied breast.

Lovis. Sister, 'tis fit you give him leave to rest,
Who waits? [*Enter Servant.*
With care convey him to his bed.

Bruce. Hold——
Dearest *Aurelia*, I will strive to live,
If you will but endeavour not to grieve.

Lovis. Brave man! The wonder of this Age thou'lt prove,
For matchless Gratitude, and gen'rous Love.
[*Exeunt all but* Graciana.

Grac. How strangely is my soul perplex'd by fate!
The man I love I must pretend to hate;
And with dissembled scorn his presence fly,
Whose absence is my greatest misery!

Enter

Enter Beaufort.

Beauf. Hear me, upon my knees I beg you'l hear.
She's gone. [*Exit* Graciana.
There was no need, falſe woman, to encreaſe
My miſery with hopes of happineſs.
This ſcorn at firſt had to my Love and me
But Juſtice been; now it is Cruelty.
Was there no way his conſtancy to prove,
But by your own inconſtancy in Love?
To try anothers Virtue cou'd you be,
Graciana, to your own an enemy?
Sure 'tis but paſſion which ſhe thus does vent,
Blown up with anger and with diſcontent,
Becauſe my Honour diſobey'd her Will,
And *Bruce* for love of her his blood did ſpill.
I once more in her eyes will read my fate;
I need no wound to kill me, if ſhe hate.

SCEN. II.

Enter Cully *drunk, with a blind Fellow led before him playing on a Cymbal, follow'd by a number of boys hollowing, and perſecuting him.*

Cul. Villains, ſons of unknown fathers, tempt
Me no more. [*The boys hoot at him, he draws his Sword.*
I will make a young generation of Cripples, to
Succeed in *Lincolns-Inn-Fields* and *Covent-Garden*.
The barbarous breeding of theſe *London*-boys! [*Frights the boys away.*
Boy that leads the Cymbal. Whither do you intend to go, Sir?
Cul. To ſee the wealthy Widow,
Mrs. *Rich*.
Boy. Where does ſhe dwell, Sir?
Cul. Hereabouts; enquire, I will Serenade
Her at noon-day. [*Exeunt.*

Enter the Widow and her maid Betty.

Wid. Where is this poor Frenchman, Girl? h'as done me
Good ſervice.
Betty. The Butler has got him down into the Cellar, Madam,
Made him drunk, and laid him to ſleep among
His empty Cask.
Wid. Pray, when he wakes let him be releas'd of his
Impriſonment; *Betty*, you uſe your Servant too ſeverely.
[*The Cymbal plays within.*
Hark,

Hark, what ridiculous noise is that? it sets my teeth
An edge worse then the scraping of Trenchers.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Madam, a rude drunken fellow, with a Cimbal before
Him, and his sword in his hand, is prest into your House.

Enter Cully *and Cimbal: The women shriek.*

Cul. Sirrah, play me a bawdy Tune, to please the
Widow; have at thee, Widow.

Betty. 'Tis one of *Oliver's* Knights, Madam,
Sir *Nicholas Cully*; his mother was my Grand-mother's
Dairy maid.

Enter Servants; they lay hands on him, and take away his Sword.

Cul. Let me go; I am not so drunk but I can stand
Without yout help, Gentlemen.
Widow, here is Musique; send for a Parson,
And we will dance *Barneby* within this
Half hour.

Wid. I will send for a Constable, Sir.

Cul. Hast a mind to see me beat him? how those Rogues
Dread me! Did not *Wheadle* tell thee upon what
Conditions I wou'd condescend to make thee my
Bed-fellow, Widow, speak?

Wid. This is some drunken mistake; away with him,
Thrust him out of door.

Enter a Servant: Clashing of Swords and noise without.

Serv. Help, help, for Sir *Frederick.*

Wid. What's the matter?

Serv. He is fighting, Madam, with a Company of Bayliffs,
That wou'd arrest him at the door.

Wid. Haste every one, and rescue him quickly. [*Exeunt all but* Cully.

Cul. Widow, come back, I say, Widow;
I will not stir one foot after thee:
Come back, I say, Widow. [*Falls down and sleeps.*

Enter Dusoy.

Dusoy. Vat de diablé be de matré? here is de ver
Strange varké in dis house; de Vemen day do
Cry, ha ha, ha; de men day do run, day do
Take de Batton, de dung-vorké, and de vire-vorké:
Vat is here, van killé? [*Looking on* Cully.

Enter Betty.

Betty. You are a trusty Servant, indeed, here you are lock'd
Up, while your poor Master is arrested, and dragg'd
Away by unmerciful Bayliffs.

Dusoy. My Matré? Jernie! Metres *Bet*, letté me go;

Begar

Begar I vil kill allé de bogre de
Bailié, and recover my Matré. Bogre de Bailié.

Betty. So, make all the haſte you can. [*She helps him out of the Tub.*

Dufoy. Morbleu! bogre de Bailié!
I vil go prepare to killé a touſand Bailié
Begar: Bogre de Bailié. [*Exit.*

Enter the Widow and Servant ſeverally.

Wid. Well, what news?

Serv. Madam, they have arreſted him upon an
Execution for Two hundred pounds, and carried
Him to a Bayliffs houſe hard by.

Wid. If that be all, *Betty*, take my key, and give him
The money in Gold; do you content the Bayliffs,
But let Sir *Frederick* know nothing of it;
And then let them bring him to my houſe
As their Priſ'ner: diſpatch. [*Exeunt Betty and Servant.*

Enter a Foot-boy.

Foot-b. Pray, Madam, is there not a ſtray Gentleman
Here, miſled by drink?

Wid. There lies the beaſt you look for;
You had beſt remove him quickly,
Or I ſhall cauſe him to be put into the Pound. [*Exit Widow.*

Foot-b. If I do not get this fool clear off before he
Comes to himſelf, our Plot is quite ſpoil'd:
This Summer-Livery may chance to hover over
My ſhivering limbs next Winter.
Yonder ſits honeſt *Palmer*, my poor Maſter,
In a Coach, quaking for fear; all that
See him in that reverend diſguiſe,
Will ſwear he has got the Palſie.
Ho Sir *Nich'las*. [*Pulls him.*

Cul. I will drink three Beer-glaſſes to the Widows health
Before I go.

Foot-b. The Widow ſtays for you, to wait upon her
To the Exchange.

Cul. Let her go into her Bed-Chamber and meditate;
I am not drunk enough to be ſeen in her company.

Foot-b. I muſt carry him away upon my back; but
Since things may go ill, 'tis good to make ſure
Of ſomthing; I'le examine his pockets firſt:
So, for this I thank my own ingenuity; in this
Way of plain dealing I can live without the
Help of my Maſter: [*Enter a Servant.*
Pray, Sir, will you help me up with my burden?

Serv.

Serv. I am ſure your Maſter has his load already. [*They lift him up.*

Cul. Carry me to my Widow, Boy: Where is my Muſique?

Enter Sir Frederick *with the Bailiffs, who are Fidlers diſguis'd, with their Fiddles under their Coats, at one door; and the Widow at another.*

Boy. There is no hopes now;
I'le ſhift for my ſelf. [*Exit Boy.*

Sir Fred. Widow, theſe are old acquaintance of mine,
Bid them welcome: I was coming
To wait upon you before; but meeting
Them by the way, they preſs'd me to drink——

[Cully *reels againſt Sir* Frederick.

Cul. Sir *Frederick*! Widow, bid him welcome; he is
A very good friend of mine, and as mad a fellow as my ſelf.
Kiſs, kiſs the Widow, man, ſhe has a plump
Under-lip, and kiſſes ſmartly.

Sir Fred. What's here? *Cully* drunk, transform'd into a Gallant,
And acquainted with the ſpring and proportion of the
Widows lips!

Cul. I, I am drunk, Sir; am I not Widow? I ſcorn to be
Soberer then your ſelf, I will drink with you, ſwear
With you, break windows with you, and
So forth.

Sir Fred. VVidow, is this your Champion?

Wid. You have no exceptions againſt him, I hope;
He has challeng'd you at your own weapons.

Cul. Widow, Sir *Frederick* ſhall be one of our Bride-men;
I will have none but ſuch mad fellows at our Wedding;
But before I marry thee I will conſider upon it. [*He ſits down and ſleeps.*

Sir Fred. Pray, VVidow, how long have you been acquainted
VVith this mirrour of Knighthood?

Wid. Long enough you hear, Sir, to treat of Marriage.

Sir Fred. VVhat? You intend me for a reſerve then?
You will have two ſtrings to your bow, VVidow;
I perceive your cunning; and faith I think I ſhall
Do you the heartier ſervice, if thou employ'ſt me by the by.

Wid. You are an excellent Gallant indeed; ſhake off
Theſe lowſie Companions; come carry your Miſtreſs
To the Park, and treat her at the Mulberry-garden
This glorious Evening.

Sir Fred. VVidow, I am a man of buſineſs, that ceremony's
To be perform'd by idle fellows.

Wid. VVhat wo'd you give to ſuch a friend as ſho'd diſpatch

This

This buſineſs now, and make you one of thoſe idle Fellows.

Sir *Fred.* Faith, pick and chuſe; I carry all my wealth about Me; do it, and I am all at thy ſervice, Widow.

Wid. Well, I have done it, Sir; you are at liberty, And a leg now will ſatisfie me.

Sir *Fred.* Good faith, thou art too reaſonable, dear Widow; Modeſty will wrong thee.

Wid. Are you ſatisfi'd?

Fidl. Yes, Madam.

Enter Duſoy, *with a Helmet on his head, and a great Sword in his hand.*

Duſoy. Vare are de bougre de Baylié?
Tetibleu, bougre Rogue. [*He falls upon the Fidlers.*

Fidl. Help, help, Sir *Frederick*, murder, murder! alas, Sir, we Are not Bayliffs; you may ſee we are men of an honeſter Vocation. [*They ſhow their Inſtruments.*

Sir *Fred.* Hold, hold, thou mighty man at Armes.

Duſoy. Morbleu, de Fidler! and is my Marré at liberty? play Me de Trichaté, or de Jegg Engliſhé, quicklie,
Or I vil make you all dance
Vidout your Fiddle; quiké.

Wid. I am over-reach'd, I perceive. [Duſoy *dances a Jeg.*

Sir *Fred.* Kind Widow, thank thee for this releaſe. [*Shakes his pockets.*
Laugh, Widow; ha, ha, ha: where is your counterplot, Widow?
Ha, ha, ha. Laugh at her, *Duſoy.* Come,
Be not ſo melancholy; we'l to the Park:
I care not if I ſpend a piece or two upon thee in Tarts and Cheeſcakes. Piſh, Widow, why ſo much out of humour?
'Tis no ſhame to love ſuch a likely
Young Fellow.

Wid. I cou'd almoſt find in my heart to puniſh my ſelf,
To afflict thee, and marry that drunken Sott I never Saw before.

Sir *Fred.* How came he hither?

Wid. Enquire elſewhere; I will not anſwer thee one Queſtion; nor let thee ſee me out of a Mask any more This Fortnight.

Sir *Fred.* Go, go into thy Cloſet, look over thy old Receipts,
And talk wantonly now and then with thy Chambermaid:
I ſhall not trouble thee much till this is ſpent; [*Shakes his Pockets.*
And by that time thy fooliſh Vow will be near over.

Wid. I want patience to endure this inſolence.

Is my charity rewarded thus?

Sir *Fred.* Pious Widow, call you this Charity? 'twill get
Thee little hereafter; thou shalt answer for every sin
It occasions: Here is Wine and Women
In abundance. [*Shakes his Pockets.*

Wid. Avoid my house, and never more come neer me.

Sir *Fred.* But hark you, hark you, Widow; do you think
This can last always?

Wid. Ungrateful man! [*Exit Widow.*

Sir *Fred.* She's gone; impatience for these two hours
Possess her, and then I shall be pretty well
Reveng'd.

Dufoy. Begar, Matté, have you not de ver faithful
Serviteur? you do never take notice of my merit.

Sir *Fred. Dufoy*, thou art a man of courage, and hast done
Bravely; I will cast off this Suit a week sooner then
I intended, to reward thy service.

Dufoy. Begar I have several time given you ver
Dangerous testimonie of my affection.

Enter a Servant and takes up Cully *in his arms.*

Sir *Fred.* Whither do you carry him?

Serv. Sir, there is an old Gentleman below in a Coach,
Very like my Lord *Bevil*,
Who, hearing what a condition Sir *Nich'las* was in,
Desired me to bring him to him in my arms.

Cul. Let me go; where is the Widow?

Sir *Fred.* What Widow?

Cul. Mistress *Rich*; she is to be
My wife.

Sir *Fred.* But do you hear, Sir *Nich'las*? how long have you
Courted this Widow?

Cul. Mr *Wheadle* can tell you: trouble me not with idle
Questions. Sir *Frederick*,
You shall be welcom at any time; she loves men
That will roar, and drink, and Serenade her.

Sir *Fred.* This is some strange mistake; Sure *Wheadle*, intending
To chouse him, has shew'd him some counterfeit Widow;
And he, being drunk, has been misguided to the true
Widow's house. The fellow in the Coach may
Discover all; I will step and see who it is:
Hold him here, *Dufoy*, till I return: Gentlemen,
Come you with me. [*Exit Sir* Frederick *and Fidlers.*

Cul. Where is my Mistress?

Dufoy. Vat Metres?

Cul. The Widow.

Dufoy. She be de Metres of my Matré.

Cul. You lye, Sirrah.

Dufoy. Begar you be de Jackanape to tellé Me I do lyea.

Cul. You are a French Raſcal, and I will blow Your noſe without a handkerchief. [*He pulls* Dufoy *by the noſe.*

Duf. Helpé, helpé me; Morbleu; I vil beat you vid my fiſtè And my footé, tellé you aské mé de pardon; take Dat and daté; aské me de pardon.

[Cully *falls down, and* Dufoy *beats him.*

Cul. I ask you pardon, Sirrah?

Dufoy. Sirrah? Tettibleu. [*Offers to ſtrike.*

Enter Sir Frederick *and Fidlers, leading in* Palmer *trembling.*

Sir *Fred.* Hold, hold, *Dufoy.*

Dufoy. Begar he do merite to be beaté; he ſwaré be vil Marré youré Metres.

Palm. I beſeech you, Sir *Frederick.*

Cul. My Lord *Bevil*!

Sir *Fred.* So, he takes him for my Lord *Bevil*; Now the Plot will out.
'Tis fit this Raſcal ſhou'd be cheated; But theſe Rogues will deal too Unmercifully with him: I'le take compaſſion upon Him, and uſe him more favourably my ſelf.

Cul. My Lord, where is the mad Wench your Siſter?

[*Sir* Frederick *pulls off* Palmer's *diſguiſe.*

Sir *Fred.* Look you, Sir *Nich'las*, where is my Lord *Bevil*, Now?

Cul. My merry Country-man, Mr. *Palmer*! I thought you had Been in *Buckingham*-ſhire. [*Sings.*

And he took her by the Apron,
To bring her to his book.

Never a Catch now, my merry Country-man?
Sir *Frederick*, I owe this Gentleman a thouſand Pounds.

Sir *Fred.* How ſo?

Cul. He won it of me at Dice, *Wheadle* went my halfs; And we have given him a Judgment for it.

Sir *Fred.* This was the roguery you had been about the other Night, when I met you in diſguiſe, *Palmer*; You'l never leave your cheating and your robbing. How many Robberies do I know

Of your committing?

Palm. The truth is, Sir, you know enough to hang me;
But you are a worthy Gentleman, and a lover of Ingenuity.

Sir *Fred.* This will not pass: Produce
The Judgment.

Palm. Alas, Sir, Mr. *Wheadle* has it.

Sir Fred. Produce it, or——Fetch the Constable, Boy.

Palm. Sir *Frederick*, be merciful to a sorrowful Rascal:
Here is a copy of the Judgment, as it is entred.

Sir *Fred.* Well, who is this counterfeit Widow? confess.

Palm. Truly 'twas *Wheadle*'s contrivance; a Pox on him:
Never no good comes on't when men are so unconscionable
In their Dealings.

Cul. What, am I cheated, Sir *Frederick*? Sirrah, I will have
You hang'd.

Sir *Fred.* Speak, who is this Widow?

Palm. 'Tis *Grace*, Sir, *Wheadle*'s Mistress, whom he has plac'd
In my Lady *Dawbwel*'s house: I am but a poor Instrument,
Abus'd by that Rascal.

Sir *Fred.* You see, Sir *Nich'las*, what Villains these are; they have
Cheated you of a thousand pounds, and wou'd have married
You to a VVench, had I not discover'd their Villany.

Cul. I am beholding to you, Sir *Frederick*; they are Rogues,
Villainous Rogues: But where is the VVidow?

Sir *Fred.* VVhy, you saw the true VVidow here a little while
Ago.

Cul. The truth is, me-thoughts she was somthing
Comlier then my Mistress: But will not this VVidow
Marry me?

Sir *Fred.* She is my Mistress.

Cul. I will have none of her then.

Sir *Fred.* VVell, I have discovered this cheat, kept you from
Marrying a VVench, and will save you the thousand pounds too.
Now, if you have a mind to marry, what think you of my
Sister? She is a plain brown Girl, and has a good
Portion; but not out twenty thousand pounds: This offer
Proves I have a perfect kindness for you.

Cul. I have heard she is a very fine Gentlewoman;
I will marry her forthwith, and be your Brother-in-Law.

Sir *Fred.* Come then, I'le carry you
Where you may see her, and ask her consent.
Palmer, you must go along with us,
And by the way assign this Judgment to me.
Do you guard him, Gentlemen. [*To the Fidlers.*

Sir

Sir *Fred.* Come, Sir *Nich'las.*
Cul. How came I hither?
Sir *Fred.* You will be ſatisfied in that hereafter.
Palm. What curſed accident was this? what
Miſchievous Stars have the managing
Of my Fortune? Here's a turn with all my heart
Like an after-game at *Iriſh*!
Duſoy. Alon marché, Shentelmen ſheté;
Marché: You make de mouthé of
De honeſt Shentelmen: begar you vil make de
Wry mouthé ven you be hangé. [*Exeunt.*

SCEN. III.

Scene, A Garden.

Enter Graciana *and* Leticia *ſeverally*; Leticia *with a Noſegay in her Hand.*

Grac. Leticia, what haſt thou been doing here?
Let. Cropping the beauty of the youthful year.
Grac. How innocently doſt thou ſpend thy hours,
Selecting from the crowd the choiceſt Flowers!
Where is thy Miſtreſs?
Let. Madam, ſhe's with the wounded Colonel.
Grac. Come then into this Arbour, Girl, and there
With thy ſweet voice refreſh my wearied ſoul. [*They walk into an Arbour.*

SONG.

[*Let. ſings.*

LAdies, though to your Conqu'ring eyes
Love owes his chiefeſt Victories,
And borrows thoſe bright Arms from you
With which he does the world ſubdue.
Yet you your ſelves are not above
The Empire nor the Griefs of Love.

Then wrack not Lovers with diſdain,
Leſt Love on you revenge their Pain;
You are not free becauſe y're fair;
The Boy did not his Mother ſpare.
Beauty's but an offenſive dart;
It is no Armour for the heart.

Grac.

Grac. Dear Girl, thou art my little Confident;
I oft to thee have breath'd my discontent;
And thy sweet voice as oft has eas'd my cares:
But now thy breath is like infectious Air.

Enter Beaufort.

It feeds the secret cause of my disease,
And does enrage what it did use t'appease.

Beauf. starting. Hark, that was *Graciana*'s voice.

Grac. Oh *Beaufort*!

Beauf. She calls on me, and does advance this way;
I will conceal my self within this Bower; she may
The secret causes of my grief betray.

Beaufort *goes into an Arbour, and* Graciana *and* Leticia *come upon the stage.*

Grac. Too rigidly my Honour I pursue;
Sure something from me to my Love is due:
Within these private shades for him I'le mourn,
Whom I in Publique am oblig'd to scorn:

Let. Why shou'd you, Madam, thus indulge your grief?
Love never yet in Sorrow found relief:
These Sighs, like Northern winds to th' early Spring,
Destruction to your blooming Beauty bring.

Grac. Leticia, peace; my Beauty I despise:
Would you have me preserve these fatal eyes?

Let. Had you less beauteous been, y'ad known less care;
Ladies are happiest moderately fair:
But now shou'd you your Beauty waste, which way
Cou'd you the debt it has contracted pay?

Grac. Beaufort, didst thou but know I weep for thee
Thou would'st not blame my scorn, but pity me.

Let. When Honour first made you your Love decline,
You from the Centre drew a crooked line;
You were to *Beaufort* too severe, I fear,
Lest to your Love you partial might appear.

Grac. I did what I in honour ought to do;
I yet to *Beaufort* and my love am true;
And if his Rival live, I'le be his Bride,
Joy shall unite whom Grief does now divide;
But if for love of me brave *Bruce* does die,
I am contracted to his Memory.
Oh, *Beaufort*!

Beauf. Oh, *Graciana*! here am I
(By what I've heard) fix'd in an extasie.

Grac.

Grac. We are surpriz'd; unlucky accident!
Fresh Sorrow's added to my discontent.

[*Exeunt* Graciana *and* Leticia *leisurely*.

Beaufort *Enters.*

Beauf. Graciana, stay, you can no more contend,
Since Fortune joyns with Love to be my Friend;
There is no fear of *Bruce* his death; the wound
By abler Chyr'gions is not mortal found.
She will not stay.
My Joys, like waters swell'd into a flood,
Bear down whate're their usual streams withstood. [*Exit* Beaufort.

SCEN. IV.

Scene, My Lady *Dawbwel*'s House.

Enter Wheadle *and* Grace.

Whead. I wonder we have yet no tidings of our Knight,
Nor *Palmer*,——
Fortune still crosses the industrious, Girl
When we recover him you must begin
To lye at a little opener ward;
'Tis dangerous keeping the Fool too long at bay,
Lest some old Wood-man drop in by chance,
And discover th'art but a rascal Deer.
I have counterfeited half a dozen Mortgages,
A dozen Bonds, and two Scriveners to vouch all;
That will satisfie him in thy Estate:
He has sent into the Country for his
Writings:
But see, here he comes.

Enter Sir Nicholas.

Sir *Nich'las*, I must chide you, indeed I must;
You neglect your duty here: Nay, Madam, never
Blush; faith I'le reveal all. Y'are the happiest,
The luckiest man——

Enter Sir Frederick.

W'are betray'd; death, what makes him here?
Sir *Frederick*, your humble Servant; y'are come [*To Sir* Frederick.
In the luckiest time for mirth; will you but lend
Me your ear? do not you see Sir *Nich'las* and *Grace*
Yonder? look, look.

Sir *Fred.* Yes.

Whead. I am perswading him to keep her; she's a pretty

Deserving

Deserving Girl; faith let us draw off a while,
And laugh among our selves, for fear of spoiling
The poor Wenches market; let us, let us.
Sir *Fred.* With all my heart.
Bayliffs meet Wheadle *at the door, and Arrest him.*
Bayliffs. We arrest you, Sir:
Whead. Arrest me? Sir *Frederick*, Sir *Nicholas.*
Sir *Fred.* We are not provided for a Rescue at present, Sir.
Whead. At whose Suit?
Bayliffs. At Sir *Frederick Frollick's.*
Whead. Sir *Frederick Frollick's*? I owe him never a farthing.
Sir *Fred.* Y'are mistaken, Sir; you owe me a thousand pounds:
Look you, do you know Mr. *Palmer's* hand?
He has assign'd such a small debt over to me.
Enter Palmer *and* Jenny.
Whead. How was I bewitch'd to trust such a villain!
Oh Rogue, Dog, Coward, *Palmer.*
Palm. Oh thou unconscionable *Wheadle*; a thousand pounds
Was too small a bubble!
Sir *Fred.* Away with him, away with him.
Whead. Nay, Sir *Frederick*, 'tis punishment enough to fall
From my expectation:
Do not ruine a young man.
Grac. I beseech you, Sir.
Sir *Fred.* Thou hast mov'd me, *Grace*;
Do not tremble, Chuck; I love thy profession too well
To harm thee.
Look you, Sir, what think you of a rich Widow? [*Proffering him the Whore.*
Was there no Lady to abuse, *Wheadle*, but my Mistress?
No man to bubble but your Friend and Patron, Sir *Nich'las*?
But let this pass; Sir *Nich'las* is satisfi'd; take *Grace*
Here, marry her, we are all satisfied:
She's a pretty deserving Girl, and a Fortune now
In earnest; I'le give her a thousand pounds.
Whead. Pray, Sir, do but consider——
Sir *Fred.* No consideration; dispatch, or
To Limbo.
Whead. Was there ever such a Dilemma? I shall rot in Prison.
Come hither, *Grace*; I did but make bold, like a young Heir,
With his Estate, before it come into his hands:
Little did I think, *Grace*, that this Pasty, [*Stroaking her belly.*
When we first cut it up, should have been preserv'd
For my Wedding Feast.
Sir *Nich.* You are the happiest, the luckiest man, Mr. *Wheadle.*

Palm.

Palm. Much joy, Mr. *Wheadle*, with your rich Widow.
Whead. Sir *Frederick*, shall that Rogue *Palmer* laugh
At me?
Sir *Fred.* No, no; *Jenny*, come hither; I'le make thee amends,
As well as thy Mistress, for the injury I did thee
Th' other night:
Here is a Husband for thee too:
Mr. *Palmer*, where are you?
Palm. Alas Sir *Frederick*, I am not able to
Maintain her.
Sir Fred. She shall maintain you, sir.
Do not you understand the mystery of *Stiponie*,
Jenny?
Maid. I know how to make *Demoscuana*, Sir.
Sir Fred. Thou art richly endow'd, i'faith: Here, here, *Palmer*;
No shall I, shall I; This or that, which
You deserve better.
Palm. This is but a short Reprieve; the Gallows will
Be my destiny.
Sir Fred. Sir *Nich'las*, now we must haste to a better
Solemnity; my Sister expects us.
Gentlemen, meet us at the *Rose*; I'le bestow a Wedding
Dinner upon you, and there release your Judgment,
Mr. *Wheadle*.
Bayliffs, wait upon them thither.
Sir Nich. I wish you much joy with your fair Brides,
Gentlemen.
Whead. A pox on your Assignment, *Palmer*.
Palm. A pox on your rich Widow, *Wheadle*: Come, Spouse,
Come. [*Exeunt.*

SCEN. V.

Scene, The Lord *Bevil's* House.

Enter Lord Bevil, Bruce *led in*, Lovis, Beaufort, Graciana *and* Aurelia.

Bruce. Graciana, I have lost my claim to you,
And now my Heart's become *Aurelia's* due;
She all this while within her tender breast
The flame of Love has carefully suppress,
Courting for me, and striving to destroy
Her own Contentment to advance my Joys.
Aurel. I did no more then Honour press'd me too;

I wish I'de woo'd successfully for you
Bruce. You so excel in Honour and in Love,
You both my shame and admiration move.
Aurelia, here, accept that life from me,
Which Heaven so kindly has preserv'd for thee.
My Lord, I hope you will my choice allow, [*To* L. Bevil.
And with your approbation seal our Vow.
Bevil. In gen'rous minds this to the world will prove
That Gratitude has pow'r to conquer Love.
It were, brave Man, impiety in me
Not to approve that which the Heavens decree.
Bruce. Graciana, on my gen'rous Rival you
Must now bestow what to his Merit's due.
Grac. Since you recovering, *Bruce*, your claim decline,
To him with honour I my Heart resign.
Beauf. Such Honour and such Love as you have shown
Are not in the Records of Virtue known.
My Lord, you must assist us here once more,
The god of Love does your consent implore. [*To* L. Bevil.
L. *Bev.* May Love in you still feed your mutual fire. [*Joyning their hands.*
Beauf. And may that flame but with our breaths expire.
Lovis. My Lord, our Quarrel now is at its end;
You are not *Bruce's* Rival, but his Friend.
Beauf. In this brave strife your Friendship soar'd above
The active flames of our aspiring Love.
Bruce. Dear Friend, thy merits Fame cannot express.
Lovis. They are rewarded in your happiness.
Bruce. Come all into my Arms before I rest,
Let's breathe our Joys into each others breasts.
Thus mariners rejoyce when winds decrease,
And falling waves seem wearied into Peace.

Enter Sir Frederick *and* Dufoy *at one door, and the Widow and* Betty *at another.*

Sir Fred. Histe, *Dufoy*, perform what I command ye.
You.
Dufoy. I vil be ver quick begar; I am more den half de *Mercurie.*
Sir Fred. Ho, Widow! the noise of these Nuptials brought
You hither; I perceive your mouth waters.
Wid. Were I in a longing condition I should be apt
Enough to put my self upon you, Sir.
Sir Fred. Nay, I know th'art spiteful, and would die
Fain marry me in revenge; but so long as I have
These Guardian Angels about me, I defie thee.

And

And all thy Charms: Do skilful Fauconers thus
Reward their Hawks before they fly the Quarry?

Wid. When your gorge is empty you'l come to the Lure again.

Sir *Fred.* After I have had a little more experience of the Vanity of this world, in a melancholy humour I may be careless of my self.

Wid. And marry some distressed Lady, that has had No less experience of that vanity.

Sir *Fred.* VVidow, I profess the contrary; I wou'd not have the Sin to answer for of debauching any from such VVorthy principles: Let me see; if I shou'd be good Natur'd now, and consent to give thee a Tickle To thy own wealth again, you wou'd be stubborn, And not esteem the favour, VVidow.

Wid. Is it possible you can have thoughts of gratitude? Do you imagine me so fooliſh as your self, who Often venture all at play, to recover one inconsiderable Parcel.

Sir *Fred.* I told you how 'twou'd be, VVidow: Less providence Attend thee, else I shall do no good upon thee: Fare-well.

Wid. Stay, Sir; let us shake hands at parting.

Sir *Fred.* Nay, if thou once art acquainted with my Constitution, thou'c never let me go; VVidow, here, Examine, examine. [*Holding out his hand.*

Bevil. Sister, I long have known your inclinations; Give me leave to serve you. Sir *Frederick*, here, Take her; and may you make each other happy.

Wid. Now I have receiv'd you into my Family, I hope you will let my maids go quietly about Their business, Sir.

Sir *Fred.* Upon condition there be no twits of the good man Departed; no prescription pleaded for evil customs On the Wedding night.
VVidow, what old doings will be anon?
I have coupl'd no less then a pair-royal my self.
This day, my Lord, I hope you'l excuse the liberty I have taken to send for them; the sight will much Encrease your mirth this joyful day.

L. *Bev.* I shou'd have blam'd you, Sir, if you had restrain'd Your humour here.
These must needs be pleasant Matches that are of his Making.

Enter Dufoy.

Sir Fred. What, are they come?

Dufoy. Day be all at de dooré, begar; every man vid his Pret Mettres, Brid, Whore.
Entré, Jentelmen, vid your Lady, encré vid your great Fortuné: Ha, ha, ha.

Enter Sir Nicholas *and his Bride,* Wheadle *and his Bride,* Palmer *and his Bride.*

Sir Nich. Brother, do you ſee how ſneakingly *Wheadle* looks Yonder, with his rich Widow?

Wid. Brother! is this fellow your Brother?

Sir Nich. Ay, that I am.

Sir Fred. No, no, Sir *Nicholas.*

Sir Nich. Did not I marry your Siſter, Sir?

Sir Fred. Fie, fie, Sir *Nich'las*; I thought y'ad been A modeſter man.

Sir Nich. Is my wife no kin to you, Sir?

Sir Fred. Not your Wife; but your Son and Heir may, If it prove ſo. *Joy be with thee, old acquaintance. [*To Lucy.
Widow, reſolving to lead a virtuous life,
And keep houſe altogether with thee.
I have diſpos'd of my own houſhold-ſtuff, my
Dear Mrs. *Lucy*, to this Gentleman,

Whead. and Palm. We wiſh you joy with your fair Bride, Sir *Nich'las.*

Sir Nich. I will go and complain, and have you all clapp'd Up for a plot immediately.

Sir Fred. Hold, hold, Sir *Nich'las*; there are certain Catch-poles without; you cannot ſcape,
Without y'ave a thouſand pounds in your
Pocket: Carry her into the Country, come;
Your Neighbours Wives will viſit her, and vow
She's a virtuous well-bred Lady:
And, give her her due, faith ſhe was a very
Honeſt Wench to me, and I believe will make a very
Honeſt Wife to you.

Sir Nich. If I diſcover this I am loſt; I ſhall be ridiculous Even to our own Party.

Sir Fred. You are in the right: Come,
Take her, make much of her,
She ſhall ſave you a thouſand pounds.

Sir Nich. Well, *Lucy*, if thou canſt but deceive my Old mother, and my neighbours in the Country, I ſhall bear my fortune patiently.

Sir

Sir Fred. I'le warrant you, Sir, Women ſo skill'd in Vice can
Diſſemble Virtue.

Duſoy. Fy, fy, maké de much of your Lady, Shentelmen;
Begar you vil find dem ver civil.

Sir Fred. Duſoy, I had almoſt forgot thee.

Duſoy. Begar my merit is ver ſeldom in your
Memoné.

Sir Fred. Now I will reward thy ſervices; here, enjoy thy
Miſtreſs.

Duſoy. Ver vel, begar; you vill give me two tree oldé
Gowné vor all my diligence.

Betty. Marry come up! Is that a deſpicable portion
For your greaſie Pantaloons?

Duſoy. Peace, peace, Metres *Bet*; ve vil be ver good
Friend upon occaſion; but ve vil no marrié;
Dat be ver much beter, begar.

Sir Fred. Did you bring the Bayliffs with you?

Duſoy. Day be vidout: Begar, Shentelmen, you have bin
Made ver ſad; and now you ſhall be made ver mer
Vid de Fidler.

Whead. Ha! cozen'd with Fidlers for Bayliffs!
I durſt have ſworn falſe Dice might as ſoon have paſs'd
Upon me.

Sir Fred. Bid them ſtrike up; we will have a Dance,
Widow, to divert theſe melancholy Gentlemen. [*They dance.*

L. *Brv.* Sir *Frederick*, you ſhall command my Houſe this day;
[*After the Dance.*
Make all thoſe welcome that are pleas'd to ſtay.

Sir Fred. Sir *Nich'las*, and Mr. *Wheadle*, I releaſe you both
Of your Judgment, and will give it you under
My hand at any time.
Widow, for all theſe bloody preparations, there
Will be no great maſſacre of Maiden-heads
Among us here.
Anon I will make you all laugh with the occaſion
Of theſe Weddings.
On what ſmall accidents depends our Fate,
Whilſt Chance, not Prudence, makes us fortunate!

EPILOGUE

EPILOGUE.

Spoke by the Widow.

Sir Frederick, *now I am reveng'd on you,*
For all your Frollick Wit, y'are couzen'd too:
I have made over all my Wealth to these
Honest Gentlemen; they are my Trustees.
Yet, Gentlemen, if you are pleas'd you may
Supply his wants, and not your Trust betray.

Spoke by *Wheadle.*

Poor Wheadle *hopes h'as gi'n you all content;*
Here he protests 'tis that he only meant:
If y'are displeas'd w'are all cross-bit to day,
And he has wheadl'd us that writ the Play.

THE

THE EPILOGUE.

Like Pris'ners, conſcious of th' offended Law,
When Juries after th' Evidence withdraw;
So waits our Author between hope and fear,
Until he does your doubtful Verdict hear.
Men are more civil then in former days;
Few now in Publique hiſs or rail at Plays;
He bid me therefore mind your looks with care,
And told me I ſhould read your Sentence there;
But I, unskill'd in Faces, cannot gueſs
By this firſt view, what is the Plays ſucceſs;
Nor ſhall I eaſe the Author of his fear,
Till twice or thrice, at leaſt, I've ſeen you here.

FINIS.